

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## SWINBURNE'S ODE TO GAUTIER.

HERE, where the sunset of our year is red,  
Men think of thee, as on the summer dead,  
Gone forth before the snows, before thy day,  
With unshod feet, with brows unchapleted.

Couldst thou not wait till age had wound, they  
say,  
Round those wreathed brows his snow-white  
blossoms? Nay,  
Why shouldst thou vex thy soul with this  
harsh air,  
Thy bright-winged soul, once free to take its  
way?

Nor for men's reverence hadst thou need to  
wear  
The holy flower of grey time-honored hair;  
Nor were it fit that aught of thee grew old,  
Fair lover all thy days of all things fair. . . .

Mixed with the masque of death's old comedy,  
Though thou too pass, have here our flowers,  
that we,  
For all the flowers thou gav'st, upon thee shed,  
And pass not crownless to Persephone.

Blue lotus-blooms, and white, and rosy-red,  
We wind with poppies for thy silent head,  
And on the margin of the sundering sea,  
Leave thy sweet light to rise upon the dead!

## DIRGE

AFTER HERRICK.

SHE is dead; but do not weep,  
Nor thick not so for her  
This fair sunlight with thy sighs;  
She is gently gone asleep;  
Peace now, lest thy fretful stir  
Fright the soft dew from her eyes.

Look upon her gentle face,  
Love and quiet thoughts are there;  
See how yet some latest smile  
Makes of her lips a lurking-place,  
Faintly courts thee, would beguile  
Thy so sick despair.

Lay her sweet i' the earth;  
No flower which breath of the next spring  
Calls from the bare turf above her,  
Is half so fresh, so pure a thing;  
Her life was all an innocent mirth,  
Then sweetest, being over.

Death hath taken but to save;  
Sweet her maid-mates! hither and strew  
Over her virgin grave  
Flowers, not yew.  
Here no painful heart be throbbing!  
No voice go out in wildered sobbing!  
No idle eye drop here  
The profanation of a tear!  
Only—if it must be so—a sigh,  
Yet more for love than misery.

Fraser's Magazine.

P. P. A.

## SONNET

ON A DROWNED FRIEND.

LET not the waters keep their hapless dead  
Hither and thither hurled, we know not  
where,

To keep alive the clinging sense of care,  
And haunt a few poor hearts with hope and  
dread!

May kindest mould enwrap thy youthful head,  
That none may ever mourn thy timeless lot  
Without the solace of one quiet spot  
Where love hath laid thee to thy lonely bed.

Let earth's most pleasant green above thee  
wave!

That so, when time which steals away our  
woes

Hath reconciled the sigh, and dried the tear,  
The sad, yet sweet and gentle thoughts of  
those

To whom in life thou wert so very dear,  
May sleep like quiet sunbeams on thy grave.

Fraser's Magazine.

P. P. A.

## SILENCE.

THERE is a silence where hath been no sound,  
There is a silence where no sound may be,  
In the cold grave—under the deep, deep sea,  
Or in wide desert where no life is found,  
Which hath been mute, and still must sleep  
profound;

No voice is hushed—no life treads silently,  
But clouds and cloudy shadows wander free,  
That never spoke, over the idle ground:  
But in green ruins, in the desolate walls  
Of antique palaces, where man hath been,  
Though the dun fox, or wild hyena, calls,  
And owls, that flit continually between,  
Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,  
There the true silence is, self-conscious and  
alone.

THOMAS HOOD.

## A REMINISCENCE.

LOOKING down from this sunny height,  
Over the heather that smells so sweet,  
(The Provence heather, with blossoms white,)  
Far away, where the waters meet  
The luminous sky-line, I lie and gaze.  
You can hardly tell in that melting haze,  
Where the sapphire sea and the sky have met,  
Or where the glittering sun will set,  
Beyond the curves of the silver bays.  
Ah! brightly they sparkle, the burnished  
waves,

And softly the breeze in the pine-trees plays,  
And much is forgotten; yet memory saves  
This fair, golden picture of thee, oh, Provence,  
Long ago—in the sunny days.

ANONYMOUS.

From The Quarterly Review.

THE SUCCESSORS OF ALEXANDER AND  
GREEK CIVILIZATION IN THE EAST.\*

THE modern historians of Greece are much divided on the question where a history of Hellas ought to end. Curtius stops with the battle of Chæronea and the prostration of Athens before the advancing power of Macedon. Grote narrates the campaigns of Alexander, but stops short at the conclusion of the Lamian War, when Greece had in vain tried to shake off the supremacy of his generals. Thirlwall brings his narrative down to the time of Mummus, the melancholy sack of Corinth, and the constitution of Achaia as a Roman province. Of these divergent views we regard that of the German historian as the most correct.

The plan of Bishop Thirlwall compels him to speak of Hellas as the land of the Greeks for centuries after the centre of gravity of the Hellenic world had been transferred to Syria and Egypt, to Antioch, Pergamus, and Alexandria. It is as if a historian of the Dorians should confine his attention to the strip of land called Doris; or a historian of the Arabs should omit to speak of the Mahometan conquests in the three continents.

The limits which Mr. Grote has imposed on himself are equally unfortunate. He details the victories of Alexander, but has to pass by the results of those victories. He shows us the Greeks breaking the narrow bounds of their race and becoming masters of Asia and Africa, but gives us no account of what they did with those continents when they had acquired them. He leads us into the middle of the greatest revolution that ever took place in Hellenic manners and life, and then leaves us to find our way through the maze as best we can.

The historic sense of Grote did not ex-

clude prejudices, and in this case he was probably led astray by political bias. At the close of his ninety-sixth chapter, after mentioning the embassies sent by the degenerate Athenians to King Ptolemy, King Lysimachus, and Antipater, he throws down his pen in disgust, "and with sadness and humiliation brings his narrative to a close." Athens was no longer free and no longer dignified, and so Mr. Grote will have done with Greece at the very moment when the new comedy was at its height, when the Museum was founded at Alexandria, when the plays of Euripides were acted at Babylon and Cabul, and every Greek soldier of fortune carried a diadem in his baggage. Surely the historian of Greece ought either to have stopped when the iron hand of Philip of Macedon put an end to the liberties and the political wranglings of Hellas, or else persevered to the time when Rome and Parthia crushed Greek power between them, like a ship between two icebergs.

No doubt his reply would be, that he declined to regard the triumph abroad of Macedonian arms as a continuation of the history of Hellas. In Philip of Macedon he sees only the foreign conqueror of the Greeks, in Alexander a semi-barbarian soldier of fortune. No doubt it is possible, by accepting the evil told us by historians about Alexander, and rejecting the good, to make him appear a monster. But were Alexander even less noble and less far-sighted than Mr. Grote supposes him to have been, this would not in any way alter the tendencies of his conquests. Wherever the Macedonian settled, the Greek became his fellow-citizen, and had over him the advantage of a greater talent for civil life. The Macedonians spoke the Greek language, using a peculiar dialect, but that dialect disappears with their other provincialisms when they suddenly become dominant. We find no trace in Asia of any specially Macedonian deities; it is the gods of Hellas that the army of Alexander bears into the East. Even in manners and customs there seems to have been small difference between Greek and Macedonian; in our own day many primitive Greek customs, which have died

\* 1. *Geschichte des Hellenismus*. Von J. G. Droysen. Second Edition. Halle, 1877-78.

2. *L'Economie Politique de l'Egypte sous les Lagides*. Par G. Lumbroso. Turin, 1870.

3. *Untersuchungen über die Campanische Wandmalerei*. Von Wolfgang Helbig. Leipzig, 1873.

4. *Coins of Alexander's Successors in the East*. By Major-General A. Cunningham, R.E. "The Numismatic Chronicle." London, 1868-72.

out elsewhere, survive in remote districts of Macedonia. No doubt there was a great deal of Thracian blood among the hardy shepherds who followed the standards of Philip and Alexander; but if not only the nobility but even the common people had no language, religion, or customs different from those of the Greeks, how was it possible to prevent the races from becoming mingled? The more wealthy and educated classes in Macedonia were mostly Greek by blood, and entirely Greek in everything else except the practice of self-government. Whenever Alexander went, Homer and Aristotle went too. In the wake of his army came the Greek philosopher and man of science, the Greek architect and artist, the Greek merchant and artisan. And Alexander must have known this. When he tried to fuse Greeks, Macedonians, and Persians into one race, he must have known that whose blood soever ruled the mixture, Greek letters, science, and law must needs gain the upper hand. He must have known that the Greek schoolmasters would make Homer and Hesiod familiar to the children; that the strolling companies of Dionysiac artists would repeat in every city the masterpieces of the Greek drama; and that the odes of Simonides and Pindar would be sung wherever there was a Greek lyre.

It is well known that the ancients themselves took a view of the career of Alexander very different from Mr. Grote's. We will cite but a single passage from Plutarch, who wrote ages after the glamour and glare, which for long after Alexander's death concealed the reality of his achievements, had died away: "He taught the Hyrcanians the institution of marriage, the Arachosians agriculture; he caused the Sogdians to support, not kill, their parents, the Persians to respect, not wed, their mothers. Wondrous philosopher! who made the Indians worship the gods of the Greeks, the Scythians bury their dead instead of eating them. Asia, ordered by Alexander, read Homer; the sons of the Persians, Susians, Gedrosians, repeated the tragedies of Euripides and Sophocles." This may be rhetorical, but if so the rhetoric is very careful in its

sweep to avoid collision with fact. It was precisely the people of north India who did receive the Greek deities; it was, above all tragedians, Sophocles and Euripides, who were in favor with the Asiatics. What Plutarch says about the Sogdians is completely confirmed by Strabo.

The truth is, that the history of Greece consists of two parts, in every respect contrasted one with the other. The first recounts the stories of the Persian and Peloponnesian wars, and ends with the destruction of Thebes and the subjugation of Athens and Sparta. The Hellas of which it speaks is a cluster of autonomous cities in the Peloponnesus, the islands, and northern Greece, together with their colonies scattered over the coasts of Italy, Sicily, Thrace, the Black Sea, Asia Minor, and Africa. These cities care only to be independent, or at most to lord it over one another. Their political institutions, their religious ceremonies, their customs, are civic and local. Language, commerce, a common pantheon, and a common art and poetry are the ties that bind them together. In its second phase, Greek history begins with the expedition of Alexander. It reveals to us the Greek as everywhere lord of the barbarian, as founding kingdoms and federal systems, as the instructor of all mankind in art and science, and the spreader of civil and civilized life over the known world. In the first period of her history Greece is forming herself, in her second she is educating the world. We will venture to borrow from the Germans a convenient expression, and call the history of independent Greece the history of Hellas, that of imperial Greece the history of Hellenism.

In England Hellenism has been less fortunate as to its historians than in Germany, where it has occupied the attention, among others, of Niebuhr, Heeren, and Droysen. The period of the Diadochi or successors of Alexander does not attract the student. The tone of Greek life was everywhere lowered, and manners had become luxurious and corrupt. Literature survived, and in some branches (such as the idyl and the epigram) flour-



ished, but it had lost its freshness and become full of affectations. Philosophy was eagerly pursued, and went on developing, but there was no Plato to write it. It is difficult to discover any political matter of interest amid the incessant wars of the Antiochi and Ptolemies. To most readers Hellas, in the third and second centuries before our era, is like a man smitten with foul and incurable disease, and they are glad when the Roman conquest gives the *coup de grâce*, and affords an opportunity of decent burial. And yet in this unattractive period is to be found the transition from ethnic and national to universal morality, from merely civic or autocratic to federal or imperial government, from ancient to modern sentiment and feeling. In it domestic life was largely developed, and the ground was prepared in which the seeds of Christianity were to be sown.

To write the history of Hellenism requires talents of no common order. In this field we have no leading authority like Thucydides or Tacitus. We have to piece together the scattered testimonies of Justin, Appian, and Diodorus; sometimes to try and fill up the enormous gaps they leave with quotations from writers like Zonaras and the Syncellus. An incidental statement of Pliny, of Lucian, or of Strabo, may contain all that we know of what happened during half a century in a great kingdom. These remarks apply of course rather to the eastern provinces of the empire of Alexander than those bordering on the Mediterranean. Of the latter we have a tolerably consecutive account, especially when the Roman history of Polybius comes to our help. But in all cases the historians are far more ready to record the intestine wars which raged in the kingdoms of the Diadochi, and the crimes of their rulers, than to give us any notion of the systems of government, the municipal constitutions, the laws, the commerce, and the customs prevailing in the world of Hellenism. Yet these are the subjects on which now we eagerly desire information, while we are comparatively indifferent as to the results of the combats of the mercenaries of the Antiochi, the Antigoni, and the Ptolemies.

To a certain extent the silence of historians is compensated by the existence of less accessible but deeper and more trustworthy sources of information. The Greek inscriptions found in the cities of Asia Minor furnish us with numerous details as to the civic life, the habits, and the religious observances of the dwellers in those cities under Seleucid and Roman rule. From existing Egyptian papyri M. Lumbroso has compiled an account of the government, the trade, and the general condition of Egypt under the Ptolemies. Professor Helbig has traced in the mural paintings of Pompeii the entire history of painting from Alexander the Great onwards, and by an admirable induction has established a number of propositions as to the nature of the art of the Hellenistic world; whence we may learn much as to the emotions and perceptions of that world. Of the Greek kingdoms of Bactria and Cabul scarcely any memorial remains, except the abundant and interesting coins from which General Cunningham has been able to extract a surprising amount of information. Using these and other sources, and especially the masterly history of Droysen, who has brought all the rivulets of information together and united them into a stream of narrative, we will endeavor slightly to sketch the main characteristics of Hellenism, and to estimate the effects of the conquests of Alexander on Greece and Macedonia, on the various provinces of the old Persian empire, in fact on the whole Oriental world, from Epirus on the west to India on the east, and from Pontus in the north to Egypt and Libya on the south. How slight such a sketch must be within the present limits of space, it is hardly necessary to point out.

In no country were the changes produced by Alexander more striking than in his own Macedonia. Before his time and his father's, that land was a kingdom of the old Homeric type, whose ruler was *ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν*, but no despotic lord, and which was full of a sturdy and free population of ploughmen and shepherds. Even Philip never places his effigy on his coins nor calls himself king. But the Antigonid princes who afterwards ruled in Mac-

edon were despots of the Asiatic type. They wore the diadem, were surrounded by a court, and were the centre of a bureaucratic and military system. They regarded their people as taxable property, and as material for the manufacture of armies. And that people itself was sadly fallen and diminished. The Macedonian, lord throughout Asia, was at home little better than a thrall. While he pushed his conquests down the Indus and up the Nile, he was at home scarcely able to make head against barbarous neighbors. All the youth and energy of the country flowed in a never-ceasing stream towards the East; only the unenterprising of the population remained at home. And this led to the most disastrous results. It was the age of the great eastward expeditions of the Gauls. A large body of them poured, about 280 B.C., through the passes of the Balkans down upon the devoted land. The king, Ptolemy Ceraunus, fell in battle, and like a flood the Gallic swarms swept over the plains of Macedon, slaying, torturing, burning, and committing every hideous excess which the heart of a barbarian can invent. In their own land, the Macedonians felt tenfold all the misery and shame which they had inflicted on Persia. This was no case of the overthrow of one Greek state by another, it was no contest between civilized or semi-civilized nations, but the wasting of a settled land by a barbarous horde, whose only desires were to satisfy every brutal and bloodthirsty passion, to carry off all that could be carried, and to leave nothing behind but a broad track of fire and blood. For a moment the militia of the land, rallied by the gallant Sosthenes, who ought to be better known to history, made a stand, but again they were swept away by fresh waves of barbarism. Under Brennus the Gauls swarm southwards until they reach the very gates of Greece. And for a moment Greece remembers her old self, and the day when the Persians were advancing on the same road. Thermopylae must again be garrisoned. Antiochus, king of Syria, remembered his relationship to Hellas, and sent a contingent. The Boeotians, Phocians, and Ætolians mustered in force, Athens despatched fifteen hundred men. The story of the defence of the pass reminds one of old Greek days. Brennus, like Xerxes, could not force a way until traitors showed him the old path over the mountains; then like Xerxes he took the defenders in rear, and but for the presence of Athenian triremes at hand to which they could

fly, the little Greek army must have shared the fate of Leonidas. But the pass was forced, and Ætolia and Phocis lay at the mercy of the barbarians. Xerxes had made an attempt upon Delphi, and the god of Delphi had interfered to protect his temple; but, in spite of fears, the rich treasures of the temple induced the Gauls to repeat the sacrilegious attempt. We seem to fancy that we are reading romance rather than history, when we find in Justin's narrative how Apollo appeared in person, accompanied by the warlike virgins Athene and Artemis, and wrought terrible havoc on the invading hosts; how an earthquake and a terrific storm completed the discomfiture of the Gauls, and Brennus fell by his own hand. At all events, whether the foes of the invaders at Delphi were mortal or superhuman, certainly they penetrated no further into Greece. Those who were not destroyed made a hasty retreat northward. Meantime their brethren, who had remained in Macedon, had been put to the sword by the hereditary king, Antigonus Gonatus, who had enticed them into his own deserted camp, and then fallen on them while they were feasting and spoiling. A third body of Gauls crossed over at Byzantium into Asia and founded the Gallo-Greek kingdom of Galatia in the heart of Phrygia. A fourth body settled in Thrace, and levied tribute on the Greek city of Byzantium.

The flood had spent its fury and had ebbed, and as it retired it left Macedon and Greece exhausted and depopulated, but not demoralized. Almost all great outbursts in the life of nations have followed the successful repulse of a powerful invader. So Holland awoke after expelling the Spaniard, and the England of Elizabeth after frustrating him. So in Greece the great burst of Hellenic literature and art followed on the retreat of Xerxes. And after the repulse of the Gauls, we find among the northern Greeks a political revival, and even a certain after-bloom of art, if the theory be true which sees in the Apollo Belvedere and the Artemis of the Louvre the representations in contemporary sculpture of the deities of Delphi, as they appeared to the terror-stricken barbarians. It was Antigonus Gonatas, as we said, who so severely defeated the Gauls; and the same monarch before his death had formed a new Macedon. During his reign Greek culture and manners advanced ever more and more towards the north, and influenced even the rude Triballi and Dardani

as far as the Danube. The population began to recover and the cities to grow, and Macedon to become once more a great power. The old Homeric freedom was gone forever, but order and civilization had taken its place.

If we turn to the Hellas which was contemporary with Antigonos and his successors, we shall find that the differences between it and the Hellas of Thucydides were rather deep-seated and radical than prominent and obvious. Thessaly was incorporated with the Macedonian kingdom. But in all Greece south of Thessaly the appearance of autonomy remained. No Macedonian har- most or oligarchy held sway in the cities. Only one or two of them, notably Corinth, usually contained a Macedonian garrison. Had the Greek cities now been content with an obscure autonomy, the kings of Macedon would probably have seldom interfered with them. But any city, which adopted a lofty tone in dealing with its neighbors, was sure to attract the attention of the king; any city, which attained wealth and prosperity would certainly be called on to pay a subsidy to his exchequer. The Greeks, though much of their spirit was gone, were not so humbled as willingly to accept this position. Two courses were open to them. The meaner and more slavish of the cities sought to buy for themselves the protection of one of the new kings of Asia or Africa by embassies, flatteries, and presents. The more sturdy and independent cities, in their efforts to escape from a humiliating position, made a great political discovery.

This was the federal system of government. Hitherto, in Greece, either the cities had been independent one of another, or, if a confederacy was formed, the lead in it was always taken by one powerful State, which was practically master of the rest. The Athens of Pericles was dictator among the cities which had joined her alliance. Corinth, Sparta, Thebes, were each the political head of a group of towns, but none of the three admitted these latter to an equal share in their councils, or adopted their political views. Even in the Olynthian League, the city of Olynthus occupied a position quite superior to that of the other cities. But the Greek cities had not tried the experiment of an alliance on equal terms. This was now attempted by some of the leading cities of the Peloponnese, and the result was the Achæan League, whose history sheds a lustre on the last days of

independent Greece, and whose generals will bear comparison with the statesmen of any Greek republic.

Twice a year the ordinary assemblies of the League were held at Ægium; but extraordinary assemblies might be convoked by the general to meet elsewhere. By this assembly was made the selection of the officers of the League; the general, who was its head, and his colleagues, the admiral, the master of the horse, the secretary, and ten councillors. The assembly had further to deliberate on, and either accept or reject, measures brought before it by the senate of the League. The voting took place, not by counting individuals, but by cities, and we have reason to believe that in the manner of reckoning the votes by individual cities some allowance was made for the influence of property. How this was done remains doubtful in the absence of exact details; perhaps there was some regulation that the journey to Ægium should not be undertaken by all who had a fancy, but only by certain approved persons. Mr. Freeman, in his "History of Federal Government," suggests that the length of the journey and the necessity of remaining for some time from home would in itself deter the poor of the Achæan cities from attending the meetings at Ægium, but it seems doubtful if that natural restriction were the only one. All the cities would appear to have had an equal number of votes, but it was quite a matter of arrangement what was reckoned as a city. In the case of the Messenians, for example, three cities were accepted as members of the League, and then all the rest counted as one city of "the Messenians." So some of the suburbs of Megalopolis claimed to enter the League separately. We find here, then, no pure democracy, but a political system carefully constructed on representative and timocratic principles. The general was almost absolute master, but his power ceased at the end of a year, and he was not immediately re-eligible, so that he could hold his office in alternate years only. Aratus, who formed the League and was general seventeen times, is one of the most interesting characters of antiquity. His statesmanship and his power of ruling men were unrivalled, and, considering the circumstances of the age, it adds greatly to our interest in his character that, as a soldier, he was more than suspected of cowardice.

The rival of the Achæan League in the Peloponnese was a reformed and renewed

Sparta. Sparta was the last city in Greece to fall from pristine simplicity and hardihood into the luxury and loose morality of the Macedonian times, and at no city were such vigorous and noble efforts made to return to the lost virtue. When Agis, the son of Eudamidas, ascended the throne in 244 B.C., he found not only luxury and avarice domiciled in Sparta, but the whole of the land, which Lycurgus had divided into equal lots, absorbed in the possession of one hundred wealthy families, and even in great part in the hands of women. To restore the sternness and simplicity of ancient manners, and to provide Sparta with new citizens and every citizen with a plot of land, was the conservative idea of this young statesman. Every one may read, in the inimitable narrative of Plutarch, how his noble enthusiasm cost him his life, and how his schemes, living on in the love and reverence of his wife, Agiatis, passed to her second husband, the new king, Cleomenes, and launched him on a desperate effort to overthrow the ephors and to restore the habits and constitution established by Lycurgus. The part that women took in the promotion of and opposition to his plans, is characteristic of the times and of the city where women were ever held in more honor than elsewhere.

No more painful occurrence can perplex and disturb the reader of history than when two honest and noble men, in the accomplishment of their unselfish plans, are so thrown into hostility one against the other, that one must fall, and one set of plans be ruined. So it was in this case. Achaia and Sparta both required consolidation by success. The Peloponnese was not wide enough for Cleomenes and Aratus. Either, left to himself, might have restored the liberties of Greece, though in different ways; their rivalry made liberty more impossible than ever. Aratus, as the weaker in the field, stultified his whole life, which had been devoted to the securing of independence to the Achæans, by calling in the king of Macedon to take his part against Cleomenes. On the field of Sellasia the glorious hopes of Cleomenes were wrecked, and the recently reformed Sparta was handed over to a succession of blood-thirsty tyrants, never again to emerge from obscurity. But to the Achæans themselves the interference of Macedon was little less fatal. Henceforth a Macedonian garrison occupied Corinth, which had been one of the chief cities of the League; and King Antigonus Doson was

the recognized arbiter in all disputes of the Peloponnesian Greeks.

In northern Greece a strange contrast presented itself. The historic races of the Athenians and Bœotians languished in peace, obscurity, and luxury. With them every day saw something added to the enjoyments and elegancies of life, and every day politics drifted more and more into the background. On the other hand, the rude semi-Greeks of the West, Ætolians, Acarnanians, and Epirots, to whose manhood the repulse of the Gauls was mainly due, came to the front and showed the bold spirit of Greeks divorced from the finer faculties of the race. The Acarnanians formed a league somewhat on the plan of the Achæan. But they were overshadowed by their neighbors the Ætolians, whose union was of a different character. It was the first time that there had been formed in Hellas a State framed in order to prey upon its neighbors. Among themselves, the Ætolians constituted the pure democracy peculiar to men who live with arms in their hands. Yearly they met at the stronghold of Thermus, where was stowed the booty won in their piratical expeditions, in order to elect a general and decide on peace and war. But the contrast between these freebooters and the Achæans is sufficiently marked by the circumstance that, when the latter admitted a city into their league, it entered with a full share of rights and had the same privileges as other cities. But when we hear of a city joining the Ætolian league, all that seems to be implied is that it paid an annual tribute in order to buy off the attacks of the Ætolians and to secure their protection against its neighbors. That such a city would send deputies to the Ætolian assembly, or have a voice in the election of a general, there is no reason to believe. Epirus continued unchanged by the side of revolutionized Macedonia, a kingdom of the old Homeric type, in which the power of the king was by no means unlimited, but subject to the control alike of the nobility and the *prostates* or president, whose name we find on inscriptions beside the kings. After the death of Pyrrhus and his son, the Epirots, instead of falling into the hands of the Macedonian sovereign, formed a republic, democracy being far more suited to their habits and traditions, than submission to any absolute ruler.

Of the kingdoms founded by the generals of Alexander, the most compact and highly organized was Egypt. In Egypt

Alexander was welcomed as a deliverer by a superstitious race; he gave out that he was the son of the Egyptian deity Ammon. To the Egyptians it was an easy thing to add to the number of their gods, and to Alexander a distinguished place in the royal section of the pantheon was at once accorded. Ptolemy, to whom good fortune had assigned Egypt as a satrapy on the death of his master, had no difficulty in taking his place in matters religious as well as political. He found a priest-ridden country, and, by closely binding the priesthood to himself, he gained the veneration of the people. He found settled laws and an elaborate administrative machinery; he retained both in the main, though modifying each with the political talent for which he was so justly famed. The commerce, the wealth, and the population of Egypt advanced at a wonderful pace under his wise rule; so that the armies, the ships, the riches, the literary and artistic treasures of Egypt became within half a century the wonder of the world.

In the administration of Egypt Ptolemy adopted and utilized that division into districts, or nomes, which had been in use from the earliest times. But the general government of the individual nomes became more military in character, while at the same time the various branches of the civil government were placed in the hands of separate officials. At the head of every nome was a Macedonian *strategos* or general, assisted by an administrative officer, called an *epistates*, and a secretary. In every nome there were *agoranomi*, Hellenic functionaries, entrusted with the inspection of markets, the regulation of trade, and the settlement of the disputes between merchants. Graver causes were tried by commissions of three judges, who passed in circuit from city to city; or they were carried to Alexandria for decision. Villages and sub-districts had each their group of officers, and the nomes themselves were gathered into larger provinces, under the headship of a provincial governor.

At the head of the whole bureaucracy stood the king, whose decree was law throughout the length and breadth of the land, and around whom was a military court, with innumerable grades of honor and distinction. To be enrolled in the bodyguard, to gain a right to the title of the king's friend or the king's cousin, was the ambition of Greek mercenaries and native Egyptians; and as these titles and honors were to a great extent heredi-

tary in Egypt, they occupied the same relative position as the old German titles of office. But of course, in a land where a word of the sovereign could raise to honor or condemn to disgrace, any independent order of aristocracy was out of the question. All the higher honors, both about the person of the monarch and in the provinces, were in the hands of Macedonians and Greeks, the leaders of the hired troops who represented the physical force of the Egyptian kingdom. Any restraint which existed on the arbitrary power of the king came from them. On the demise of a king, they appointed his successor out of the princes of the Ptolemaic race, and, when a king became distasteful to them, they possessed means for depriving him of the diadem. The native Egyptians seem to have accepted calmly a position of inferiority, out of which a man here and there rose by talent or fortune. They had long been unused to independence, and the respect paid to their laws and religion by their new masters made them disposed cheerfully to submit to their supremacy and protection. Only the great ports of Alexandria and Naucratis, with Ptolemais, a city built in Upper Egypt in order to dominate Thebes,—all three of which cities had in the main a Greek population,—enjoyed to a large extent the right of self-government, and formed small *imperia in imperio*.

Both in political skill and in love of letters, the kings of Pergamus were not inferior to the Ptolemies. Their territory was small; yet one of them, Attalus I., was able to inflict a crushing defeat on the Gauls, and afterwards to use them as mercenaries against his neighbors. It was the traditional policy of the race to stand beside Rome in her wars in the East; a course of conduct which brought a rich reward. All the princes of this dynasty were literary. Attalus I. composed a treatise on botany; Eumenes II. was noted as a munificent patron of authors; Attalus II. corresponded with the philosopher Polemo; and, when Mummus sacked Corinth, he did his best to save from destruction the masterpieces of art of which that city was full. The library of Pergamus contained two hundred thousand volumes when Antony presented it to Cleopatra; and the parchment of Pergamus has played a greater part even than the papyrus of Egypt in preserving for us copies of ancient works. Unlike the later Ptolemies, the kings of Pergamus possessed civic and



domestic virtues. They cared little for regal state, and liked to appear to their people as only the leading citizens. In a dissolute age it is remarkable to find the two sons of Attalus I. erecting a temple at Cyzicus, not to their mistresses but to their mother Apollonis, who was a native of the city.

In most respects the vast and ill-compacted empire of the Seleucidæ formed a marked contrast to the highly organized kingdom of Egypt. Seleucus and his successors never succeeded, like the Ptolemies, in conciliating the national and religious prejudices of the races over whom they ruled. The policy of Alexander, who had determined to make one race of Greeks and Persians, died with him. The kings of Syria did not adopt like him the Persian dress, nor marry like him Asiatic wives. We trace in such fragments of their history as have come down to us strong indications of hostility between them and the creeds of the subject races. On the occasion of the foundation by Seleucus of the city of Seleucia on the Tigris, the magi tried to cheat the king into choosing an unpropitious site. To the Persian worshippers of Ormazd the image-worship of the Greeks seemed a degrading superstition. Antiochus IV. made a vigorous endeavor to introduce the worship of Zeus Olympius in the cities of his dominion, even in the temple of Jehovah at Jerusalem. So, while in Egypt the population was quiescent, in the Syrian empire we have a long series of national revolts under patriotic leaders, beginning with the secession of the Persians in Iran and Media, and ending with the successful struggle of the Jewish Maccabees for independence.

In fact in all Asia, save Asia Minor and Syria, the Hellenistic princes had very little hold on the peoples of the country except that arising from fear. What then were the means by which they so long retained their sway in the midst of a hostile population? The answer to this important question contains the secret of the history of Asia during the three centuries before the Christian era.

In the first place, the Greek kings in Asia could always secure the services of Greek and Macedonian mercenaries. At the time of Alexander's expedition against the Persian empire there were stored in all the great cities, Susa, Ecbatana, Babylon, and the rest, enormous treasures of gold and silver. These were the hoarded results of the Persian exactions, and prodigal as Alexander was in his expen-

diture he could not quite exhaust the vast supply, but left a proportion for his successors. As the shedding of honey draws together a cloud of flies, so the gradual melting of the mountain of Persian gold drew over into Asia a constant stream of soldiers of fortune. These men, who came chiefly from Crete, Arcadia, Macedonia, and Thrace, were unscrupulous indeed, but under good generals they made fair soldiers, and the descendants of Seleucus knew how to attach them to their service. We have a racy picture of one of these gentry in the "Pyrgopolinices" of Plautus, and no doubt the figure was familiar enough to the new Attic comedy.

But a mere mercenary army is not in itself sufficient to bind together a civilized State. It is well shown by Droysen that the main source of Greek power throughout Asia was in the cities founded everywhere in extraordinary numbers by Alexander and his successors. From the earliest days of Hellas the city had been a self-complete unit, organized and independent. The Greek cities of Asia Minor, even when under the sway of the Persian kings they had paid tribute and admitted a garrison, yet possessed in many respects their autonomy, appointed their own magistrates, and regulated their own commerce. Hence it would appear that the great Alexander conceived the idea of binding to himself the provinces which he overran by building a chain of cities across them, cities with mixed population, but dominated by a Greek faction, and trained to the enjoyment of Hellenic privilege. With Alexander, to conceive an idea and to put it into execution was the same thing. He found the people of several districts living scattered in villages; he drew them together into cities, at the head of which he placed a few of his followers to organize. The result was a complete change in the manners of such people. From scattered and ignorant cultivators they became artisans or merchants, and remained for centuries attached to the Greek rule, which had so enlarged their ideas and improved their position. At the mouth of the Nile, near the shores of the Caspian, along the course of the Oxus, at the foot of the Paropamisus, on the banks of the Indus, wherever the arms of Alexander were victorious and the country seemed fertile, the great conqueror halted his army for a brief period, or detached a body of troops, and in a few weeks the walls of a city were rising to dominate the district. To



fill those walls he left a few veterans weary of fighting and marching, and some of the merchants and artisans who followed his march in crowds, and then summoned the inhabitants of the neighborhood to complete the number of citizens. The Seleucid and other Greek princes continued the practice. So it was not long before the cities of Alexander and his generals absorbed the trade of Asia, and every one of them was a centre whence the Greek language, Greek ideas, and Greek religion spread over the East. We need only mention among them Alexandria, Antioch, Seleucia, Nicæa, Kandahar, to remind the reader how many of the great cities of the world then came into being.

We may divide these cities into groups, according to their position, and will speak first of the fate of those founded in the far East. In the remote districts to the north of Cabul it must be confessed that the fruits of Alexander's conquests were not lasting. No sooner was the king dead than the Macedonians settled on the Oxus and Jaxartes, to the number of twenty thousand infantry and three thousand cavalry, smitten with a sudden despair at the thought of their distance from home, left their cities, and in full battle array took the road for Europe. The generals at Babylon could resist and slaughter them, but could not send them back across the Oxus, and by their desertion the barrier erected to keep out the barbarous nomads of Turkistan was most fatally weakened. A century later one of those great migrations of nations which have so often changed the face of Asia set in. Relieved from the pressure of Persian power on the south, the barbarous nations of Sacæ or Scythians on the borders of China began to migrate in masses towards the Oxus and Bactria. They had, no doubt, to make their way by hard fighting; but the flood rolled on slowly and irresistibly, and in considerably less than two centuries after Alexander's death it had submerged the plains of Bactria and Sogdiana; and the semi-Greek cities to the north of the Paropamisus or Indian Caucasus were either destroyed or left cut off from the world to starve slowly and become barbarous.

The Macedonians and Greeks were driven into the great natural stronghold which fortune and the policy of Alexander had left them in that region. This is the Cabul valley, where for centuries a Hellenistic civilization maintained itself. When the Macedonian army first entered

that region and approached the city of Nysa, in the neighborhood of Jellalabad, they at once found themselves in a country resembling their own. Here grew the ivy and the vine; here the people drank wine freely, and claimed to be descended from the army of Bacchus, the conqueror of India, who on his return had founded their city. Believing, like all his contemporaries, that the Indian expeditions of Bacchus and of Hercules were historical fact, Alexander received the people of Nysa with great favor, and granted them autonomy. It is probable that in this district the common worship of Bacchus brought about a certain fusion between Greek and barbarian, and this as well as the natural strength of the country may have helped the Greeks to make a stand. But after a while even this stronghold was stormed, and the unhappy Greeks were driven first into the Punjab and then crushed between the advancing hordes of Scythia and the Indian kingdom of Magadha; and in the first century of our era the Scythian chiefs ruled from Bactria to the mouth of the Indus.

It is sometimes said that the conquests of Alexander had no influence on Indian civilization; but the student of the antiquities of the Punjab knows better. The Scythians and the native dynasties of north India were long enough in contact with the Greeks to learn their language, their religion, and their art. The coins of the Gupta kings of Magadha bear types of Greek origin, those of the Sah kings of Guzerat bear Greek inscriptions, those of the wealthy Saka kings of Cabul present to us not only Greek legends, but figures of Greek deities, of Artemis, Hercules, and Pallas, and that certainly as late as the second century of our era. Buddhist figures, whether from the toposes of Afghanistan, or even from China, show to any one accustomed to Greek art indubitable traces of a close affinity with it. And it is in the last degree improbable that peoples, which borrowed the style of their money and their religious art from the Greek, should have borrowed nothing else. Indeed, if we may believe Philostratus, when Apollonius of Tyana visited India, in the first century of our era, he found a number even among the common people quite conversant with the Greek language, while the gymnosophists and kings were prepared for philosophic discussions conducted after the Greek manner.

The fate of the Hellenistic cities in those more western regions of Asia, which

fell under the dominion of the Parthians, was less harsh. The Parthians, who lived on horseback, and did not willingly venture within the walls of a city, found it wise to tolerate them, and, in return probably for a fixed tribute, allowed them autonomy and protected their trade. The Parthian king even assumed the title *Philhellen*, Greek was his court language, and he beguiled his leisure by witnessing Greek plays and conversing with Greek travellers. The usual type of the Parthian coins represents a Greek city offering a wreath to the king; their legend is Greek, and they are dated according to the Greek era of Syria. In some cases, when there was war between Parthia and the Seleucid kings of Syria, the Hellenistic cities of Parthia seem to have sided with the latter power, and taken the Syrian troops into friendly winter quarters. How completely independent of the central power the greater cities were may be judged from the circumstance that in the populous city of Seleucia on the Tigris there were internal civil wars between the Greek, Jewish, and Syrian factions, without any interference on the part of the Parthians.

Even the cities of Syria and Asia Minor, although under the rule of kings of Macedonian race, were probably to a great extent self-governing. They had their senate and popular assembly, their magistrates elected by themselves, their alliances, monetary and commercial, with one another, and their decrees, which in most matters of internal police, religious worship, and commerce, had the force of law. The king exacted a revenue from them, and kept in them a garrison, whose chief must have had criminal jurisdiction, and power of life and death, but it is improbable that he interfered with their internal arrangements, the laws with regard to property, or the market regulations. Freedom from both taxes and garrisons was gradually conferred on most of the great cities of Asia Minor and Syria by one or another of their rulers during the third and second centuries before our era. An extraordinary size and architectural splendor was attained by many of them. In some districts, such as *Cyrrhestica* in northern Syria, they were so thickly scattered that the land became thoroughly Hellenized, and all traces of barbaric manners and barbaric language died out. Thus over all western Asia, including even countries which like *Cappadocia* retained their own kings, a mesh of Hellenistic and half-autonomous cities was

spread, which with every generation became stronger, binding the land to civilization and law, and bringing in that state of extraordinary wealth and prosperity which we find at the time of the Christian era.

As by hard fighting the Greeks had mastered the treasures of Persia and Babylon, so by commercial enterprise they appropriated the resources of Tyre and Sidon. Those cities indeed survived their capture by Alexander, living on as Hellenistic cities, and even recovered prosperity, but they had lost their high rank forever. Hitherto they had been the great intermediaries between East and West, and the trade of Egypt, Persia, and India had flowed through their markets. But with the building of Alexandria near the mouth of the Nile a new era began. Henceforth only a small part of the trade of India passed by the caravan routes to the coast of Phœnicia. Most of it came direct to the shore of the Red Sea. Harpalus discovered or rediscovered the course of the monsoons, and at the proper seasons vast fleets went to and fro between the Malabar coast and the harbors sedulously constructed by the Ptolemies on the Red Sea, whence the wares passed overland to the basin of the Nile. India sent ivory, silk, precious stones, rice, scented woods, and received in return gold and silver as well as the products of Egypt. To our own days gold coins of the early Roman emperors are not unfrequently found in India; but the commerce did not begin in their time, as is shown by the fact that two factories on the Malabar coast bore the Greek names of *Byzantium* and *Chersonesus*. The trade which passed up the courses of the Euphrates and the Tigris received a great impetus from the foundation, in the neighborhood of Babylon, of the immense Greek trading city of Seleucia, and near the Syrian coast of Antioch with its seaport, also called Seleucia. Between the two Seleucias there must have been constant intercourse. Along all the great caravan routes eastward from the Mediterranean arose flourishing Greek cities, a number of which still survive, and would still flourish under a just government. Even the Oxus was in those days a highway of commerce, floating the productions of Bactria into the Caspian Sea. The first Antiochus is said to have projected a canal which should join the Caspian Sea with the Euxine, and thus secure a water-highway from the Mediterranean into upper Asia. This plan was unfortunately

never realized, but the importance of Sinope shows how extensive a trade passed towards the Caspian Sea from the west by land. If the growth of trade be an indication of advancing civilization, then civilization must have advanced very rapidly in the century which followed Alexander's death.

The great intermediary between Europe and Asia was the island of Rhodes. About 408 B.C. the cities of Rhodes combined to build a new capital to their island, which they called Rhodus. Almost immediately the young city started on a splendid commercial career, the period of her rise closely corresponding with that of the downfall of Athens. Her commercial navy was soon known in every port of the Mediterranean, and her ships of war assisted Alexander in the conquest of Tyre. Then came the celebrated siege of the city by Demetrius Poliorcetes, a siege full of spirit and chivalric feelings on both sides. When Demetrius became convinced that he could not take the city, he made a treaty of alliance with the Rhodians, and cemented it by presenting to them the engines of war, with which he had been lately battering their walls, to the value of three hundred talents. Truly Rhodes was the spoil child of the old age of Hellas, for when fifty years later the city was shaken and damaged by an earthquake, the kings of Egypt, Syria, and even Syracuse vied with the free Greek cities of Asia in presenting ships, money, and building-materials, and in according to the Rhodian ships immunity from tolls in their ports.

So Rhodes grew great, not through her prosperity alone, but also through her calamities. And it cannot be said that her unparalleled good fortune was wholly unmerited. In spite of their great wealth and overflowing commerce, the people of the island retained something of the old Dorian honesty and simplicity. Their government was a mixture of one of the wisest forms, a commercial aristocracy, and the freest, a democracy; for though all votes had to be passed in popular assembly, yet this assembly could only discuss points brought before it by the senate. Rhodian commercial law was adopted by the Romans on account of its justice, and remains to this day the foundation of the law of nations. Twice did the Rhodians support in arms the freedom of Greek commerce, standing forth as champions on behalf of weaker powers; once when they put down the pirates who had already begun to swarm in the eastern

Mediterranean, and once when they compelled Byzantium to give up the power she had assumed of levying a tax on all the Greek vessels that passed the Golden Horn on their way to and from the Black Sea.

But Rhodes, like the Achæan League and every promising institution of later Greece, was destined to decay under the withering shadow of Roman jealousy. True that the Rhodians were firm allies of Rome, and vigorously hostile to her enemies in Macedon and Asia. Yet the power and wealth of the island remained, and these were in themselves a sufficient cause for the enmity of a State which would not endure the faintest shadow of a rival. The Romans in 167 B.C. conceded the island of Delos to Athens, and made it a free port under their special protection. From that day Rhodes declined, and Delos became the emporium of Greece. One great staple of Delian trade was slaves, of whom we are told that sometimes ten thousand were landed in the morning and sold before evening. The Syrians and other Jews of antiquity flocked to Delos, and Rhodes was deserted. But even then the island remained the home of art and of philosophy. The group of Laocoon exists to our day to testify to the excellence of Rhodian sculpture, and Julius Cæsar went to Rhodus to attend the lectures of Molo at the university.

Other cities which grew in commerce and power in the times of the successors of Alexander, besides the new foundations and Rhodus, were some of those on the Black Sea, notably the Pontic Hecale, Sinope, and Panticapæum. The trade of the Euxine had been almost monopolized hitherto, first by Miletus, and after the fall of Miletus, by Athens. Now it was open to many States. The great wheat harvests of the Crimea, and the abundant fish of the Borysthenes, with the cattle and hides supplied by the Scythians, and timber from the vast forests of Thrace, made the export trade which flowed through the Bosphorus of great value. We have already mentioned how the people of Byzantium sought to levy a toll on the commerce of the Euxine, and how their attempt was frustrated by the Rhodians. The passage of the Bosphorus remained free, and as a consequence the Greek cities of the Euxine remained flourishing and powerful in the face of surrounding Hellenistic potentates and barbarous tribes of Scythians until the time of Mithridates the Great.

Our limited space now compels us to turn from the external and political aspects of the world of Hellenism to its internal aspects; to the religion and manners of the later Greeks, and to the changes which these underwent in the centuries which followed Alexander's expedition. The religion of the Greeks had never claimed a universal character; nor had they attempted to make proselytes among other nations. As Greeks they worshipped Zeus and Pallas and Apollo, but it seemed to them perfectly natural that other nations should have deities of their own, that the Egyptians should venerate Osiris and the Thracians Bendis. In their ruder days they were ready to slay the worshippers of strange deities, because the very fact of that worship would prove that they were aliens; but they would never have consented to admit strangers to a share in their own sacrifices. The pantheon of the Greeks was a national institution, and as the Greeks forced their way to a prominent place among the nations, so their deities became more powerful and more widely worshipped. But they would never deign to receive the sacrifice of a barbarian, or to listen to his prayer. Even the clans and the cities of Greece had all their own guardian deities, who were thoroughly identified with the places they protected, and hostile to all strangers and enemies. Indeed to the common people the true object of their worship was the local or civil deity, as embodied in some well-known statue or picture, and the deities of the Olympic circle were little more than abstractions. The object which the uncultivated people of Phigaleia really venerated was the black Demeter with the horse's head; and the mob of Ephesus implicitly trusted for the defence of their persons and their city to the barbarous many-breasted figure which stood in their great temple. The more cultivated classes of course saw the deity behind the statue, and for them the pantheon which Homer and Hesiod had formed was a national institution, but even they would not see what barbarians had to do with it.

In the course of the Peloponnesian War Greek religion began to lose its hold on the Greeks. This was partly the work of the sophists and philosophers, who sought more lofty and moral views of Deity than were furnished by the tales of popular mythology. Still more it resulted from growing materialism among the people, who saw more and more of their

immediate and physical needs, and less and less of the underlying spiritual elements in life. But though philosophy and materialism had made the religion of Hellas paler and feebler, they had not altered its nature or expanded it. It still remained essentially national, almost tribal. When, therefore, Greeks and Macedonians suddenly found themselves masters of the nations of the East, and in close contact with a hundred forms of religion, an extraordinary and rapid change took place in their religious ideas.

In religion, as in other matters, Egypt set to the world an example of prompt fusion of the ideas of Greeks and natives. To Ptolemy Soter, when the new city of Alexandria was just rising, there appeared in a vision a divine form, which bade the king fetch the image of his divinity from Pontus. The Egyptian priests could not interpret the dream, but the Eumolpid priest, Timotheus of Eleusis, who was then at Alexandria, after hearing the king's description of his visitant, declared him to be a half-Greek deity worshipped at the city of Sinope under the name of Sarapis. An embassy was despatched to Delphi, and the oracle of Apollo commanded that they should act upon the vision. With great pomp, and of course in the midst of supernatural manifestations, the image of Sarapis was solemnly conducted from Sinope to Alexandria. Who or what Sarapis was originally has been much disputed; all that is certain is that he was in a special sense the deity of the heavens above and of the future life. The Egyptians at once saw in him a form of their national deity Osiris, and, as he had left behind at Sinope the goddess who was there his consort, they associated Isis with his worship. The Greeks identified the new god sometimes with Zeus and sometimes with Hades or Pluto. In the splendid temple which was erected to receive the statue from Sinope, both nationalities could meet in a common worship. It is known that Alexander the Great in his last illness had sent to inquire at the temple of Sarapis as to his chances of recovery, and it may be suspected that the dream of Ptolemy, who was a real statesman, was a politic invention. If so, no imposture was ever more successful. Sarapis perfectly represented the new Egypt, and with his Egyptian consort he received as a marriage portion all the arcana of the sacred lore. Greek philosophy stepped in to adapt the new religion to the tastes of the educated classes. The cultus of Sarapis and Isis

spread rapidly over Egypt, and thence through Asia Minor and Greece.

In fact that cultus supplied one of the great needs of the Hellenistic world. The decay of civic life and the disruption of family ties threw at this time greater stress on the personal and individual; Greek men for the first time began to feel the need of a personal religion. Hitherto processions and sacrifices had belonged to the community, and had been the expression of its common life; now they were burdened with personal wants and prayers. And the more disorganized the old framework of society became, the more stress did hope and imagination lay upon the future life. But the religion of the Egyptians had always been much occupied with the next world, and in its new form it offered to all who accepted the guardianship and guidance of Sarapis and his consort a safe path amid the perils which attended on death and a happy future in the land of spirits. It also appealed to men and women one by one, drawing its votaries from the midst of cities and of families. No doubt it was mixed with much that was merely ceremonious and much that was superstitious, yet history justifies us in considering it as a forerunner of Christianity, for which it prepared the way, and to which at a later time it became so formidable a rival. The history of art quite confirms this view. The face of the Hellenic Zeus becomes more spiritual, mild, and mysterious in that of Sarapis.

With regard to the religions of other Eastern countries we have less definite information than in the case of Egypt. But it would appear that other ancient systems of belief underwent a change, and appeared in a new form under the influence of Hellenism. The Phrygian races in Asia Minor had long worshipped Cybele, a deity of the moon and of the rude powers of nature. Her worship had spread among the Greeks, who had identified her with the Rhea of their own mythology. That worship suited the new times. It offered to the vulgar gay shows and imposing ceremonies, to the excitable enthusiastic rites in which religious and sensuous excitement were strangely blended, while the sceptic could imagine that in adoring the mother of the gods he was only worshipping the mysterious powers of nature. The cult spread rapidly through the Greek world, and during the Hannibalic wars the Romans sent for the statue of Cybele from her temple at Pessinus, in Phrygia, and made her a

home in the Eternal City. Of a similar character to the worship of Cybele was that of Mithras, a deity brought into prominence by the contact of the primitive sun-worship of the Persians with Hellenistic influence. In Syria Mithras, and in Asia Minor Cybele, offered a common worship to Greek and barbarian, and largely stimulated the fusion of races.

We have already mentioned that the Greek invaders found in the Cabul valley traditions of heroic conquerors whom they at once identified with the Bacchus and Hercules of their own mythology. The people of the place at once accepted an identification which placed them, as descended from the followers of Bacchus, on a footing of cousinship with the Greeks. These two heroes, together with Zeus and Pallas, the special guardian deities of Alexander, were singled out for special devotion by the Greeks of the far East, and adopted by the nations round them. Even the Parthians and the barbarous Sakas who destroyed eventually the Greek cities of India incorporated these deities in their very eclectic pantheons. On gold coins of the Scythic kings of the Punjab we find the names and the figures of Hercules and Sarapis beside those of Varuna and Siva, of Mithras and of Buddha. The worship of Dionysus in particular, being fitted by its enthusiastic character, and the orgies which adhered to it from its Thracian origin, to rival the religion of Cybele herself, spread rapidly among the native races of Asia, and then returned in altered and Asiatic shape to Greece and the West. The Dionysiac festivals passed into Italy, and appeared to the Romans so fatal to morality and decency that the Senate, in 186 B.C., passed a stringent decree forbidding them, and they were put down, not without much bloodshed.

In the cities newly founded by the successors of Alexander these new deities found abundant welcome and crowds of votaries. But not to the exclusion of the older Greek gods. The troops settled in a particular city usually came from the same town or district in Greece or Macedonia. They often gave to their new home the name of the old, whence names such as Edessa, Cyrrhus, and Chalcis were not rare in Syria and Asia Minor. And they often transplanted with them the guardian deity of their ancestral city, Zeus or Apollo or Artemis, who became their protector and friend amid their new surroundings. The festal processions and ceremonies migrated with the deity. In particular



we know, from the testimony of coins and inscriptions, that in a large number of the cities of the Hellenistic Asiatics games resembling the Pythia and Nemea of Hellas were held at stated intervals, and occupied a prominent place in the energies of the people. Whether the competitors had to establish some claim to Hellenic parentage we know not, but in any case the crowds of spectators must have been mixed; and before all were held up the ideals of Greek athletic training and physical beauty. To the effeminate Asiatics there must have come on such occasions quite a revelation of manliness and simplicity.

Into Greece proper, in return for her population which flowed out, there flowed a crowd of foreign deities. Isis was especially welcomed at Athens, where she found many votaries. In every cult the more mysterious elements were made more of, and the brighter and more materialistic side passed by. Old statues which had fallen somewhat into contempt in the days of Phidias and Praxiteles were restored to their places and received extreme veneration, not as beautiful, but as old and strange. On the coins of the previous period the representations of deities had been always the best that the die-cutter could frame, taking as his models the finest contemporary sculpture; but henceforth we often find on them strange, uncouth figures, remnants of a period of struggling early art, like the Apollo at Amyclæ, or the Hera of Samos.

At the same time the recognized civic cults, with their ancient temples, their hereditary orders of priesthood, their orthodox sacrifices and processions, grew more and more distasteful to the many, and the desire for something more exciting spread further and further. There had been, even before the Macedonian age, among the Greeks societies called *erani* or *thiasi*, voluntary associations established by the concert of individuals for the worship of foreign deities. These dissenting sects, if we may so term them, had a fund, supplied by the contributions of the members. They erected their own shrines, and elected their own priests and priestesses. The State looked with dislike and contempt on these societies, and their usual members were slaves and women. Under their auspices Sabazius and Cybele had become already domiciled at Athens. But after the time of Alexander the *erani* came forth from their lurking-places, and were an important element in Greek society. In the open streets

might be seen processions in honor of the deities of Asia and Egypt, Atys and Mithras and Anubis, and the respectable burghers frequently found to their horror that their trusted slaves, nay, their wives and daughters, were constant attendants at the secret rites which characterized the meetings of the *erani*. We are told that those rites were disgraced with debauchery and the vilest excesses; it may probably have been so, but we must remember that similar tales were told of the sacred meetings of the early Christians. Certainly much charlatanry and imposture hid under the mask of the foreign religions. Their priests boldly claimed a knowledge of the future. Under the influence of a frantic religious excitement, into which they worked themselves in the nominal worship of their deity, they uttered broken sentences in reply to the questions of their votaries, sentences which these latter accepted as the oracles of supernatural knowledge. And they professed to cure the diseases of those who applied to them by throwing them into a similar state of frenzy.

Those elements in the recognized Greek religions which lent themselves to such a transformation became more and more transfigured into the likeness of the Asiatic enthusiasms. The mysteries of Eleusis lost their sobriety; mysterious cults like that of Trophonius attracted increasing crowds, and the temples of Æsculapius were filled with votaries hoping for the personal appearance and inspiration of the healing deity.

We need say little or nothing of the history of philosophy during the Hellenistic period, because this is a subject which has not been neglected like most of the phases of later Greek life. Mr. Grote remarks that, at the point where he closes his work, philosophy alone of all the productions of Greek activity has life in it and a career before it. All historians of philosophy spare a few pages to the successors of Plato and Aristotle, though the understanding of them is somewhat marred by the incomplete idea usually possessed of their surroundings. The fact is that the same change came over philosophy at this period as came over religion and morality, a change which may be expressed in its most general form when we say that the individual and moral point of view is substituted for the civic. With Plato and Aristotle a man is first a citizen and then an individual; with their successors he is a human being first, and a citizen only in the second



place. His relation to his city is eclipsed by his relations to pleasure, to virtue, and to the order of the universe.

The most complete sceptic of antiquity, Pyrrho, is said to have travelled to India in the train of Alexander, and to have conversed with the Indian gymnosophists. The story is characteristic. On the impulsive nature of a Greek, the reserve and self-containment of the Brahmin would produce a great effect, and the entire newness of the ideas held by him as to truth and falsehood, and even as to right and wrong, might easily lead an admirer, if not to adopt these ideas, at least to lose all belief in his own. Thousands of Greeks, when they found the best and noblest of the Asiatics differing from their own traditional views of morality, must have hastily leaped to the conclusion that morality is a matter of pure convention; that right and wrong vary in various countries, and exist in the fancies of men rather than in the relations of things. There is but a step from the belief that all religions are true to the belief that all religions are false, and in philosophy, as in religion, the experience of mankind may lead either to large-minded toleration or to complete scepticism.

In the intellectual life of Athens there was still left vitality enough to formulate the two most complete expressions of the ethical ideas of the times, the doctrines of the Stoics and the Epicureans, towards one or the other of which all educated minds from that day to this have been drawn. No doubt our knowledge of these doctrines, being largely drawn from the Latin writers and their Greek contemporaries, is somewhat colored and unjust. With the Romans a system of philosophy was considered mainly in its bearing upon conduct, whence the ethical elements in Stoicism and Epicureanism have been by their Roman adherents so thrust into the foreground, that we have almost lost sight of the intellectual elements, which can have had little less importance in the eyes of the Greeks. Notwithstanding, the rise of the two philosophies must be held to mark a new era in the history of thought, an era when the importance of conduct was for the first time recognized by the Greeks.

It is often observed that the ancient Greeks were more modern than our own ancestors of the Middle Ages. But it is less generally recognized how far more modern than the Greeks of Pericles were the Greeks of Aratus. In very many

respects the age of Hellenism and our own age present remarkable similarity. In both there appears a sudden increase in the power over material nature, arising alike from the greater accessibility of all parts of the world and from the rapid development of the sciences which act upon the physical forces of the world. In both this spread of science and power acts upon religion with a dissolving and, if we may so speak, centrifugal force, driving some men to take refuge in the most conservative forms of faith, some to fly to new creeds and superstitions, some to drift into unmeasured scepticism. In both the facility of moving from place to place, and finding a distant home, tends to dissolve the closeness of civic and family life, and to make the individual rather than the family or the city the unit of social life. And in the family relations, in the character of individuals, in the state of morality, in the condition of art, we find at both periods similar results from the similar causes we have mentioned. These should be treated in detail, but the limits of our space compel us to be very brief.

It is well known how brilliant an assembly of scientific and learned men the two first Ptolemies assembled at Alexandria. At the Museum Euclid was professor of mathematics; Hipparchus and Eratosthenes made wonderful progress in the science of astronomy; Herophilus and Erasistratus taught medicine and anatomy. The king was ready to welcome any traveller who had information to give, and his emissaries penetrated India and Ethiopia in eager search for new facts or commercial openings. Astronomers, geographers, grammarians, historians, flocked to the Egyptian court, and their mutual friction produced in scientific matters a sharp and critical spirit such as science loves. Nor were there lacking engineers eager to turn the amassed knowledge to account. It is true that much of their ingenuity was employed for purposes of scientific destruction, as in the case of the wonderful engines which Demetrius Poliorcetes employed in vain against the Rhodians, and of the enormous war-galleys which the kings of Egypt constructed. Nevertheless much progress was made in more peaceful arts. Some of the inventions of Archimedes were of a character to make toil easier all over the world. In the construction of cities a vast improvement took place: wide and paved streets, colonnades, parks, convenient agoras, took the place of the

fortuitous collections of hovels which had previously been called cities. Great roads, artificial havens, and canals made communication easier between town and town, and agriculture received an impulse from the importation of new seeds from the East.

The sudden wealth of the Greeks and the sudden increase in their power over material nature could not but very much increase the ease and luxury of their lives. The grandees began to erect for themselves splendid palaces filled with all the richest produce of East and West, Etruscan bronzes and Attic pottery, Babylonian carpets and Coan curtains. The best artists painted their walls; their courts were adorned with the statues of great sculptors; their gold and silver vessels were masterpieces of toreutic art. Soft couches and clothes of most delicate fabric took the place of the simple coverlets and coarse cloaks of the heroes of Marathon. The new Greeks ever went about smelling of sweet unguents, and the use of paint for the face and false hair was not confined to the female sex. The poorer citizens followed the example of luxury as best they might, the bounds being set by their poverty and not their will. In many parts of Greece comfortable inns arose at intervals on the chief routes for the accommodation of travelers, who were not now contented with a roof and some straw. The soldier, instead of marching barefoot like Socrates and Agesilaus, carried with him a train of camp-followers of both sexes, and submitted to hardship only in the battle-field. Of course this luxury was more marked and notable among the Asiatic Greeks, but it affected the tone of all Hellenes just as surely as American customs spread into our colonies and affect ourselves. And with luxury there went, as always, laxity in morals and a proneness to the more sensual forms of vice. Their greater fineness of organization and better taste kept the Greeks at their worst from ever falling into the bestial sensuality of their Roman imitators; but there can be no doubt that in the Hellenistic age they carried a good many old Hellenic vices to a far higher pitch of degraded refinement, and adopted other vices from the conquered nations. Murder became extremely common when times were unsettled, and even the violation of temples was no longer rare. These are the blots which are so obvious on the period, and which too often dispose the reader to wish to know no more about it. Yet such

a judgment is historically unsound. A time when vice lies everywhere on the surface may be as important to the student of history as a person suffering from a chronic disease may be to the physiologist, and in both cases the defect may be accompanied by overflowing force and vitality in another direction. The reason of the general profligacy, and at the same time that which above all other things makes the Hellenistic Greeks seem modern to us, is the rise and growth among them of sentiment or sentimentality, which is nearly always the result of leisure and of comfortable surroundings. Sentiment may be said to bear the same relation to feeling which imagination bears to fact. When a nation, standing on a high level of civilization, suddenly feels a lightening of the material cares of life, the energy of feelings no longer required in the daily struggle is turned into more fanciful channels, and goes out towards the distant and the imagined. And the introduction of imagination makes good men better and bad men worse, so that the extremes of morality are farther apart than in simpler times. The same age produces Domitian and Trajan, Borgia and Savonarola. Such was the case with the Greeks of the age after Alexander. Cleanthes and other early Stoics advanced above the previous level of morality, and it would be difficult to find a juster ruler than the first Ptolemy, a nobler enthusiast than the martyr Agis, or a grander woman of the political class than his wife Agiatis. But on the other hand a great number of men and women, including the greater part of those princes and princesses of whom alone history speaks, were cruel and treacherous, dead to natural feeling, and prone to hideous vices. But if the bulk of the people had followed the example of their leaders, they could never have prospered as they did. And certainly any who were ambitious to excel in virtue might now find opportunities far greater than before. This general enlargement of the Greek horizon is well exhibited in a passage of Droysen, which we cannot do better than transcribe:—

In taking a general survey of the time we must not forget amid the gloomy pictures of fratricidal wars, storming of towns, tyrannous violence, and the profligacy of courts, to cast an eye on the brighter side, the splendor of numberless blooming cities, the luxury of the most varied productions of art and manufacture, the thousand new enjoyments with which life is now adorned and enriched, among them

those nobler ones ministered by the growing and fertile spread of a literature alike tasteful and many-sided. And this all spreading over the wide regions of Hellenism and binding them together. Think of the crowds of Dionysiac artists and their joyous wandering life, the festivals and games of old and new Greek cities even in the far East, to which are gathered together from afar festive spectators in common worship. As far as the colonies on the Indus and Jaxartes, the Greek has kinsmen and finds countrymen; the merchant seeks on the Chinese frontier wares for the market of Puteoli and Massilia, and the bold Ætolian seeks his fortune on the Ganges or at Meroë. Scientific men explore the distant, the past, the wonders of nature; for the first time an educated research lays open the ages gone by, the courses of the stars, the language and literature of new peoples, whom of old the Greeks in their pride despised as barbarians, looking in stolid ignorance on their ancient monuments. In the fixed lights of the starry heavens, science finds for the first time means for measuring the earth, whose distances are now known, and whose great forms are surveyed and ordered. Science orders into system the marvellous traditions of the Babylonians, Egyptians, and Indians, and strives from a comparison of them to gain new results. All these streams of civilization, some subdued, some still raging and unbounded, are now united in the cauldron of Hellenistic culture and science, and preserved to history for all future time.

In days when politics were the primary concern of the Greek citizen, domestic life formed only the background of his existence, and occupied but a moderate part of his attention. But in Hellenistic times domestic life occupies a place by far more prominent, and the consequence is a great change in the family ties. The relation between father and son partakes less of authority and more of friendship. We should scarcely find, before Alexander's time, so charming and cordial relations between father and son as existed between the elder Antigonos and Demetrius or between the first Seleucus and Antiochus. Both of the young princes we have named shared the thrones of their fathers; Antiochus received at the hand of his father not only a kingdom but even, as a wife, his own young step-mother, of whom he was passionately enamored. The position of women also changed unmistakably, and on the whole improved. There were in Syria and Egypt princesses, who sometimes became queens, and occupied in the world of Greek society such a position as women had never before held. A number of cities, Laodicea, Berenice, Apamea, Arsinoë, and the rest, were named after them.

The respect which they exacted tended to raise their whole sex. In the laxity of the time a position scarcely inferior to that of queens was occupied by the leading hetæræ, who disposed of cities and made wars by the favor of their admirers. Lamia exacted tribute on her own account from the rich burghers of Athens, Glycera required those who approached her to prostrate themselves in the Oriental fashion, to Pythionice a temple and altar were erected at Athens as to an impersonation of Aphrodite. The splendid success of these female soldiers of fortune caused a host of the most able Greek women, even the daughters of citizens, to follow in their steps.

The best of these hetæræ were, if we may trust Athenæus, sufficiently disreputable, yet it can hardly be doubted that their influence on the whole raised the position of their sex. Professor Helbig has well pointed out that it is in the Macedonian period of Greek history, that we find the beginnings of gallantry between the sexes in the modern sense of the word. Berenice, wife of the first Ptolemy, had a regular following of poets who were ever singing her praises; the hair of her younger namesake was by a conspiracy of astronomers and poets raised to heaven, and gave its name to a constellation. Theocritus sends to the wife of Nicias at Miletus a spindle as a present, accompanied by a set of verses. The rude savage Polyphemus becomes in the idyl of Theocritus a sentimental lover, who longs to kiss the white hand of his mistress Galatea, and is so far advanced in the lore of courtship, that when the lady makes advances by pelting him with apples he pretends not to see, in order to rouse her love by neglect. It would appear that flattery and attention on the part of men aroused in women all the arts of coquetry. Gallantry on the one hand and coquetry on the other may not be the highest form of sexual relations, but they indicate an advance from the time when women were either household drudges or slaves kept for the indulgence of appetite. According to Pericles and his contemporaries, all outside the walls of her house should be a closed world to a woman; but we find Phila, wife of Demetrius Poliorcetes, undertaking a diplomatic mission on behalf of her husband; and at Alexandria we hear of female poets and painters, and even a woman, Histiaë, who writes a learned topographical commentary on the Iliad. How much liberty the wives of the citizens of Alexandria en-

joyed appears from the idyl of Theocritus, which represents Gorgo and Praxinoë as going, attended only by a maid, to the festival of Adonis, exchanging lively banter with the passers-by, and in a crush accepting the protection of a friendly stranger.

It will probably occur to the reader that our remarks as to the altered status of women are not borne out fully by what remains of the new Attic comedy. This is to some extent the case; the change took place earliest in the great cities of Asia and Egypt; perhaps latest of all in Athens, where a vast mass of feeling and tradition had to be encountered. Cultivated men of the world, like Menander and Philemon, did not concern themselves much with new movements in society, unless they offered them a chance for ridicule. But they seem to have violently attacked the growth of Oriental superstitions, and, if we knew more of their works, we might find that some of the shafts of their ridicule were directed against innovating women.

It is well pointed out by Helbig that one circumstance in which we may trace the growing sentiment of the age is the rise of a love of nature of a character new to the Hellenic mind. As long as the Greeks lived in the full enjoyment of their own beautiful country, their love for the face of nature was a feeling which existed, but of which they were scarcely conscious; but when they were cooped up in great cities in the plains of Asia and Africa, that love became a sentiment and a longing. Their desire for nature, being no longer satisfied with daily enjoyment, led them to resort to the practice of forming artificial parks, in which the scattered beauties of nature were gathered as it were into a nosegay. Such practice was not new in Asia, where the great kings of Babylon and Persia had long ago stilled the same want in the same manner, but it was new to Hellenes. Antioch on the Orontes became celebrated for its splendid park, Alexandria was full of open squares, and the west end of the city of detached houses and pleasant gardens. The same taste may be traced in the contemporary poetry, more especially in that of Theocritus, and even in the painting of contemporary vases, in which landscapes begin to appear, not quite conventionally treated, but showing touches fresh from nature. Kindred to this is the love of hunting, which is far more prominent among the successors of Alexander than in the previous age.

With the sentiment for nature realism in art goes naturally. In the statues of the school of Lysippus the portrayal of the different parts of the body is complete; there is a careful rendering of muscles, sinews, veins, and fat. Lysistratus, the brother of Lysippus, was the first to take moulds of the faces which he intended to represent. The portraits of the time before Alexander are treated ideally, and individual traits smoothed down. Even of Alexander himself we possess no representation which is not very highly idealized; but of the Greek princes who succeeded him we possess a gallery of portraits, in which every individual character is brought into the strongest relief, sometimes, one would think, even exaggerated. Of the pictures of the same period we have descriptions which show that they were extremely realistic. Thus we are told that in the picture of Apelles, which represented Alexander holding a thunderbolt, the hand and the thunderbolt seemed to stand out from the picture. All sorts of new subjects were chosen, such as a Dutch painter might have envied; Methe drinking out of a glass through which her face showed; Aphrodite looking into the shield of Ares and seeing the reflection of her own form. When the Greek artists of the fifth century had to represent Persians or Amazons, they could only indicate their nationality by a modification of dress; the bodily forms remained the same; but when the sculptors of Pergamus were called on to represent their king's victories over the Gauls, they proceeded in a very different manner. Their study of nature and knowledge of anatomy enabled them to see that the frame of the northern barbarians was of ruder and less symmetrical build than that of the Greeks, and led them to supply to art quite a new series of bodily shapes. The same truth to nature is clear in the terra-cottas of the period, of which a large number have reached England from Tanagra in Bœotia.

There are many more phases of Hellenistic life over which, did space permit, we would gladly linger. We have not yet said a word about the relations of the Jews to the successors of Alexander, and the partial subjugation of their spirit by that of the Hellenes. We have not touched on the history of the Greek cities of Italy and Sicily, or on the immense influence exercised by Hellenism on Rome. These and many other such matters we must pass by in silence. Perhaps

it was rash to attempt to compress into a short review a statement of the leading characteristics of all the Eastern world for a period of two or three centuries. Our only justification is the desire to call more general attention to a period of history, with regard to which the general level of knowledge is very low, and yet which is remarkably full of instruction for modern times.

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#### HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

ON the morning when Lady Markham went upon that unfortunate visit to Spears in his shop, which has been already recorded, both her husband and daughter were early astir — astir in that way which so often shows in a family disturbed by domestic anxiety, when all are roused and in movement before the ordinary time, yet all unwilling to begin the day, to meet, to breakfast, to begin once more the painful discussions over a trouble which no discussions ever diminish. Lady Markham stole out thinking that both were asleep, while, on the other hand, both father and daughter respected her restlessness, and used what expedients were in their power to soothe their own.

Sir William had his writing-case and the despatch-box which he carried everywhere with him taken down-stairs to the big bare sitting-room, in which his wife and he had discussed Paul on the previous night, a high, square room, like a box, as blank and portentous, and then sat down, and made a pretence of writing his letters, — nay, more than a pretence, for his mind was preternaturally clear, stirred into activity and wakefulness more strenuous even than its wont by the care which was the undercurrent of all his thoughts, and perpetually present with him. He wrote several letters about business, public and private, in which his well-known terse and concentrated style was more concentrated and terse than ever. And by turns he laid down his pen, and breathed a sigh out of the very depths of his chest, from the bottom of his heart. This was all the sign he gave of the distractions which were in his mind. It was much from him. He was not so overwhelmed as his wife by the suggestion of Paul's possible entanglement, but he was much

more angry, annoyed and impatient of the folly which all his wisdom could not cure. What can be more irritating, confusing, bewildering to a man who knows himself a power and influence in the world — not to be able to influence the being nearest to him, to persuade his own son to hear reason! There could not be a greater irony of fate. And behind this irritation and annoyance there was the other mystery, which only he knew of — the danger which menaced Paul in those prospects which Paul held so lightly, and was ready to throw away on the lightest inducement. Would he care as little for them if they were to disappear from him at the will of another, not his own? To find himself thus, between two impossibilities — between his young son whom he could no more move than he could move a mountain, and another unknown being who, for aught he knew, might be as little manageable as Paul, he was held fast, his mind driven to bay; his faculties strained in this secret and most unusual way. He kept himself out of the whirl of thought and feeling which these perplexities raised by mere force of will, and sat perfectly self-controlled at the bare table writing his letters, himself as neat as usual, every fold of his trim attire in its right place, his tie tied with all the usual exactitude, his sentences more sharply cut, more tersely defined than ever. The suppressed excitement in him acted as a powerful stimulant, quickening his heart's action, and intensifying the clearness of his brain; but now and then he put down his pen, forgot the imperial problems which were easier to solve than these private ones, and relieved his full heart with the laboring of a profound sigh. Then set to work once more.

The breakfast was brought in before Lady Markham appeared. Alice had been up in her own room for, she thought, hours — trying to read, trying to find any little trivial occupation, wandering to the window to gaze out blindly, seeing nothing, fulfilling all the tricks of anxiety, as if she, happy child, had been born to it, or had lived in no other atmosphere all her days. And yet it was but a short time since the very ABC of this devouring, absorbing passion had been unknown to her — so easily are all its habits learned. She went down-stairs when the hour for breakfast arrived, and found Sir William very busy over his papers.

"Where is your mother?" he said.

Alice did not know; but they easily concluded that, being ready early, she had



gone — it was not far — to see her boy in his rooms, perhaps to use some argument with him which had been taught to her in the counsels of the night.

"She will have gone to bring Paul to breakfast," Alice said, feeling it was her business to smile, and keep what show of liveliness was possible. Then she made the tea, and, going to the window once more, stood looking out, hearing in the silence the scratch of her father's pen upon the paper, and the bubbling and boiling of the urn upon the table.

By-and-by they sat down at table. Lady Markham possibly was staying with Paul. Perhaps he was late, as usual, and kept her waiting. It seemed a cheerful token, a sign of good, to fall back upon Paul's lateness — that familiar home-grievance which they all had laughed and scolded about a hundred times. To say that he was "late as usual," that mamma no doubt had found him in bed, and was waiting for him, lazy fellow, seemed to break the new and gloomy spell.

Just then, however, a step approached, and some one knocked — some one — or rather two people — the first, Paul's friend of yesterday, young Fairfax, very shamefaced and blushing, who came to say that Lady Markham had sent him, that she was taking off her hat up-stairs, and was coming; and that he was under her orders to wait here for something she wanted him to do.

Fairfax blushed to the roots of his hair, and was full of apologies.

"I am so sorry," he said, "to disturb you: but Lady Markham —"

"Bring another cup," said Sir William.

The waiter, who had ushered in Fairfax, had brought also a letter, which was almost more surprising than the other visitor.

Sir William, however, was glad of any one who took him out of himself. He looked at his letter, but it did not seem important. The postmark was Markham Royal. There was no one there to give him uneasiness of any kind. He took it up between his finger and thumb, as he said, "Bring another cup."

And then neither of the young people knew anything more about Sir William till Lady Markham came in. He retired behind his letter as behind a shield, and the others talked. Fairfax was somewhat shy. He described how he had met Lady Markham in the fresh morning.

"It is the most pleasant time for walking if people only knew."

"Did mamma go to see Paul? and oh,

where is he? will not he come?" said Alice.

The tears got into her voice. Had things gone so far that he would refuse to come?

"I don't think she has seen Markham," said young Fairfax.

Lady Markham had brought him in with her that she might not be obliged all at once to explain where she had been. The same reason made her spend a longer time than was necessary in taking off her hat and putting on the matronly cap with which she covered her beautiful hair. She thought, with the simple subtlety of an innocent woman, that the conversation would be in full course when she made her appearance, and any confusion on her own part be concealed. When she came in her manners were of the conciliatory and effusive kind, which are common with all culprits desirous of avoiding explanations of equivocal conduct.

"I met Mr. Fairfax when I went out, and I met him again coming back," she said, "and he owned he had not breakfasted. I hope you are giving him something to eat, Alice."

Alice looked up anxiously in her mother's eyes. Where was Paul? that look inquired, but the glance with which Lady Markham replied conveyed no information. She shrank from her child's look, and sitting down began to talk almost volubly.

"I went further than I meant to go; the morning was so lovely and everything so still. Is it usually so still, so vacant, in summer, Mr. Fairfax? In the country we are used to it, but to see a place usually so full of young life in this state of quiet is strange. I met — scarcely any one," said Lady Markham. "William, you will have some more tea?"

Sir William did not make any answer. The letter which he had been holding up dropped, or rather the hand which had held it dropped upon his knee; and he was leaning back in his chair, Lady Markham could see with the corner of her eye, but she did not look at him, not wishing to risk the encounter.

"I thought I should be back before you were ready," she said. "We are all early this morning. I suppose it is because an inn is so unlike home. William — oh!" She rose to her feet in sudden alarm. "Are you ill? What is the matter?"

He was leaning back in his chair, his head drooping against it, his face very pale, his mouth and his breath laboring



and painful, but he had not lost command of himself. When his wife rushed to him he tried to smile.

"Feeling—faint," he said, feebly.

It was a weakness to which he had been subject before. While they hurried to get wine, eau-de-cologne, all the usual restoratives, he, still keeping up a vestige of a smile, did his best to fold up the letter he was holding, and groped about for the envelope.

"I will put it away," his wife said, but he made a slight negative movement of his head and succeeded in pushing it into a letter-case, which he always carried. The envelope had dropped on the floor. Who thought anything of it? He had things to move him quite sufficient to account for any disturbance of the heart without seeking for further causes. After a while the faintness passed off, his breathing improved, the blood began to flow naturally, and he came, or seemed to come, to himself. When he went up-stairs with Lady Markham's anxious attendance, Alice and the young man remained alone. These few minutes had done as much as weeks generally do towards the growing acquaintance of these two young persons. Fairfax had run hither and thither to get whatever they wanted. He had supported Sir William up-stairs. He had shared in the alarm, the confusion, the trouble of the moment. Alice came down with him after her father had been established in his room, to think of the civilities which were due to a stranger. The half-eaten meal on the table, the confusion of chairs, the air of human trouble and agitation in the place had already made the bare room more like an inhabited house. Alice faintly begged her companion to take his place again.

"Mamma will come presently. He will want nothing but quiet and rest: he has been—worried—you know."

"Yes," said Fairfax; "it throws a light upon some things I never thought of before. My people are robust, fortunately; they are only uncles and aunts, who don't suffer in the same way as one's parents, I suppose. But, Miss Markham, if any one had cared as much for me—I have given a great deal more cause for anxiety than your brother has done. When I see how you are all upset it makes me blush for myself."

"Oh, Mr. Fairfax, it is so kind, so good of you to say so."

"Is it?" he said, with genuine surprise; "now I wonder why? There is no goodness about it, I fear, one way or the other.

Only there are lots of us that don't realize—that can't understand."

Alice's heart was quite light. She considered that this independent testimony was as good as a vindication of Paul. A young man, a comrade, must know all about him, that was self-evident; and when he declared so distinctly Paul's superiority to himself what doubt could there be that such an uncalled, generous witness must be trustworthy? She could have laughed, or cried for pleasure.

"I should like mamma to hear you," she said. "I suppose it is because he is so much to us all that we are so foolish. You don't think he will really go away? That is what worries papa. He wants him to go into Parliament, and public life."

Fairfax laughed.

"He is a lucky fellow. It is not possible to imagine that he could willingly throw away all these chances: but if I can answer for Markham's heart I can't answer for his head, Miss Markham. The one is as right as a compass, but the other is packed full of crotchets I must allow; and what he may be able to do in that way, how far he may go, I would not undertake to say."

Alice's countenance fell, then brightened faintly again with a little light of opposition.

"You may call them crotchets, Mr. Fairfax, but I am sure Paul's ideas are convictions, and what can he do but follow them out?"

"Ah, that is giving up the question," said the other. "I believe they are convictions; but you may be convinced of a foolish thing as well as a wise one."

"What he says is not foolish. I do not agree with it," said Alice, "but it is fine, it is noble; he would do what our Lord says, give up everything to the poor."

Fairfax shook his head.

"It sounds very fine in that way, Miss Markham; but that is not how Paul puts it. It is not giving to the poor, but sharing with his equals that is his thought, and I do not think you would like that. If they all had their share to-morrow, half would have two shares next day—at least so everybody says," he went on with a laugh—"all the philosophers, and I am sure Paul would have no share at all. He would have given it away to somebody who persuaded him that he had not drawn a good lot. 'Take it,' he would say, 'I can starve better than you can,' for he is a fine aristocrat, our friend Paul."

"Do you call that being an aristocrat?"

"To be sure; isn't it? A poor little *roturier* like myself has not the mark of it. I should say, 'Take a cut at mine,' as if it was an orange, and hack at it myself among the rest. But Markham does things with a grand air. He will always have it; indeed, I think that when he had got his share to which he would allow he had an indisputable right, he would prefer to give it away in a lordly manner, and keep nothing but his magnanimity. That is what he is doing now."

To have such an audience as Alice, with that glow of tender gratitude and pleasure in her eyes looking up to him, fixed upon his face, her smile following every word of this pretended impartial and philosophical description, was worth any man's while. He was tempted to go on romancing about Paul, giving him not only the praise he felt his due, but a great deal more, in order to secure a little longer that rapt attention. But perhaps it was better to stop, and leave her time enough to say, with her hands clasped, and her whole soul in her look, —

"Mr. Fairfax, you make me very happy. They have whispered things to mamma which have made her wretched; but it is 'nothing but his magnanimity,' that was what you said."

Lady Markham opened the door, and came into the room before Fairfax could reply. She was preoccupied, and took no notice of the conversation that was going on.

"Your father has fallen asleep," she said; "he is very much exhausted. Oh, how I wish we had not left home!" Then she perceived Fairfax, and added with a change of tone, "You have had no breakfast. Alice, I thought you would attend to Mr. Fairfax."

"Oh!" cried Alice, "do you think he cares about breakfast when we were in such trouble? He has been telling me about Paul. Mamma, listen to him. He must know. He says it is all Paul's magnanimity — that was the word."

"Oh, my dear, my dear," cried Lady Markham, "it is my fault. I have made everything worse. Oh! why will women interfere? We ought to have stayed at home, and had patience. What can we do one way or another? I have behaved like a fool and got my boy into more trouble. And now your father. What shall we do if he is ill too?"

"Mamma, it is impossible that you can be to blame!"

"Quite impossible!" cried Fairfax. What gave him any right to speak? Yet they took it as a matter of course. "And pardon me, Lady Markham, I do not think there is any one much to blame. There is no harm in it all. If you could but see behind the scenes as I do! Spears is an enthusiast — say a fanatic; he believes all he says, and Paul believes him, and thinks he thinks with him. He does not altogether, and they will differ more and more as time goes on. Patience, and it will come right."

"Ah, if I could have had patience! Do you know what anxiety means?" said Lady Markham. "It is a determination not to be unhappy. What does it matter whether I am happy or not — I have been very happy all my life. I ought to bear it, and wait till God sends a cure; but we would not, Alice — we would rush into it, knowing nothing, meddling. Oh, why should women interfere?"

This strained Alice's sense of natural justice.

"Have not women as much to do with it as men?" she said.

Lady Markham shook her head.

"I have made things worse — I have made everything worse. Mr. Fairfax, will you go and tell Paul that his father is ill? Oh no, I have no right to ask you to take so much trouble; but you are kind, I know. You have a mother who would go out of her senses too, if anything was amiss. When you tell her she will explain it all to you; how foolish, how foolish a woman can be. Go and tell him that his father is ill. His father is not a man to be ill for nothing. He will see it is no light matter when he knows that his father is ill. There is something — a little — the matter with Sir William's heart — not much, thank God! but we ought to spare him. Will you tell Paul? — but Alice, Alice! how could you be so careless? Mr. Fairfax has had no breakfast!"

Lady Markham rose hastily, and drew a chair to the table, and turned to him, pointing to it, with a tremulous smile about her mouth, though the tears were standing in her eyes.

Was it possible that it was only yesterday he had come to know them? He hurried out with his message, quite agitated by the sight of this family trouble. It was no affair of his, and he had no mother as Lady Markham suggested, to make him understand; but his heart seemed to be suddenly filled up like an empty vessel with these new people's affairs. He tried

to laugh at himself, but stopped in the midst of the effort, growing portentously grave. Why should he laugh? If Sir William was ill, and Paul on the point of abandoning his natural position and his native country on a wild-geese chase, with which in all probability he would soon be utterly disgusted, circumstances were very grave for the Markham family. Perhaps Fairfax felt it all the more strongly that he in his own person had no family to abandon. He felt the want so much that he wondered all the more at one who, with all these pleasant things belonging to him, should be willing to throw up everything, and go off into the wilds with Spears—with Spears! he repeated to himself with indignant, yet half-amused surprise. He did not know anything about Janet, for the very good reason that till this morning there had been nothing to know.

Fairfax walked very rapidly to Paul's college, but did not find him. As he, however, came slowly back again across the deserted quadrangle, he met him coming gloomily along, his head down, and his countenance obscured. There was a sort of dull decision in Paul's aspect, as if all his affairs had been settled at a stroke, as if the hopes and uncertainties of ordinary life were over for him. He who held his head so high, whose step was so light and elastic with all the rapidity of a visionary, came along now, crushing the grass with a heavy foot, all the lightness and youthfulness gone out of him. Fairfax looked at him with an impulse of wonder. This favorite of fortune, so much beloved, important to so many, with the world at his feet, what could have put so much perverseness into his mind that he, of all men in the world, should be discontented with his lot? How wonderful it was! Paul did not want to be accosted, to be disturbed in his gloomy thoughts by any frivolous interruption. He was about to pass with a sullen nod, when Fairfax stopped him against his will.

"Markham, I am sent to tell you that your father is ill."

Paul stopped, and regarded him with sudden anger.

"What the devil," he said, with altogether uncalled-for indignation, "have you to do with my affairs?"

"Nothing in the world; but your father has been taken ill at the hotel," said Fairfax. His cheek flushed, too, but he subdued himself. "Lady Markham sent me to tell you. I have nothing to do with it,"

he said; then went on, while the other stood and glared at him.

Fairfax felt the blood boiling in his veins; but to quarrel with the undutiful son was not in his *consigne*.

A man with three such people hanging (it seemed) their happiness on his wayward conclusions: his father ill, his mother with those beautiful eyes all strained with anxiety; his sister—Fairfax's eyes grew dim, as with a dazzlement of light, as he seemed to see before him Alice, with her head raised, her hands clasped, her blue eyes full of emotion—all for Paul. Good heavens! who dared speak of equality? This fellow, who was ready to share everything with his fellows—how insensible he was to all those happinesses which he could not share!

From Macmillan's Magazine.

#### SOME HINTS ON THE TEACHING OF LATIN.

WITH ESPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PUBLIC AND HIGHER-CLASS SCHOOLS OF SCOTLAND.\*

I TRUST I shall not be thought to have chosen too plain and practical a subject for my remarks. I have chosen it because I feel that in the present state of education in Scotland a strong and decided word needs to be said upon it; and though there are many of those whom I am addressing who are as competent to speak on it as I am, yet I may be allowed to plead my position as giving me peculiar opportunities for forming an opinion on the subject. Since I have been connected with Glasgow University, not less than from four to five thousand students have passed through my hands. They come in most cases fresh from the schools; and if Latin be, as it is called, the portal of the university, I may with equal right be likened to the janitor, who scans the face of each candidate for admission and demands his qualifications. The number of our students is increasing with marvellous rapidity. It is incumbent upon all who have to do with the training of them to see that this increase of numbers shall, if possible, be accompanied with a corresponding rise in the standard of qualifications.

\* This paper was read, nearly as it stands, to a congress of Scottish schoolmasters assembled at Glasgow, on December 30th, 1879.

The schools referred to include all schools under the management of school boards, whether secondary or primary.

We draw our students from every county in Scotland: in the present session, the Latin class contains no less than six hundred and fifty-eight students, coming from three hundred and fifty-three different schools. Of these eighty-three are secondary or quasi-secondary schools; eleven are outside Scotland, and two hundred and fifty-nine are elementary schools. Materials therefore are not wanting to enable me to form a judgment on the work now being done in the public schools of Scotland.

I need scarcely say that I am an out-and-out believer in classical education. I have no desire in this place to draw comparisons between classics and other subjects as instruments of education. In the great work of bringing out the varied faculties of the human mind there may be, and there is, room for all; and I believe there is no subject capable of being studied seriously, and systematically taught, out of which there may not be forged an effective instrument for evoking and fashioning the forces of the mind on one or other of its many sides. But while refusing to no subject its proper place in the educational programme, what I assert is this: that as by far the most numerous and most important of the relations into which the adult man is cast in life are the human relations — those which bring him into contact with his fellow-men — so is it of paramount importance for him that he should receive a thorough training in the *human* subjects of instruction, and cultivate, in a special degree, all those faculties by which man has contact with man.

Some sound knowledge of these subjects — some mastery over these faculties — is simply indispensable to a rational human being; to know nothing of the principles of language and thought, of history or literature, is to be ignorant of the currency in which ninety-nine hundredths of the transactions of civilized man are carried on. Of these studies language holds the first place, for it supplies the key to them all. Thought is impossible without language; without a clear understanding of language, clear thought is no less impossible. As then language affords the key to all the other human subjects of instruction, so, in my view, does the study of one or other of the classical languages afford the only, or the best key to that thorough understanding of, and that perfect mastery over, human speech which is essential to the conduct of life in all but its lowest forms,

and without which access cannot be gained to the thoughts of others.

If the above view be sound, it follows that of all studies open to the educator the study of the classics is the one which fulfils in the highest degree the condition of *utility*. We often hear the champions of what are called the modern subjects of study claiming a superiority for them on the ground that they are more *useful* than ancient studies: it would be hard to select a better example of the confusion of thought which arises from a want of exact linguistic training than is afforded by such an argument. *Useful* in what sense? No doubt to a starving man it is more useful to have half-a-crown in his pocket, or to have a wealthy uncle within reach, than to know by heart a Greek play; but if by useful subjects of instruction we mean those which train a man to use with intelligence, precision, and mastery those faculties of speech and thought without which no rational occupation whatever can be carried on; and if, as I maintain, there is no more certain and effective way of obtaining such a mastery than through the scientific study of the classical languages, then it follows as an inevitable conclusion that classical studies are in the highest and widest sense the most useful of all studies.

Nor should I hesitate to pit the classics even against science as a vehicle for training the mind in the use of scientific method. Scientifically taught, Latin or Greek will give the teacher the same opportunities of bringing out the faculties of observation and inference which are afforded by scientific study. Pointing out at every step the logical relations involved in the use of cases, moods, and tenses, he will lead the mind to mark uniformities and differences, and to grasp the causes of each — to form gradually generalizations, and note the limitations to which each is subject — and thus advancing by regular logical processes from the known to the unknown, become gradually familiar with modes of inductive and deductive reasoning strictly analogous to those supposed specially to belong to science.\*

But all this I must now take for granted, not attempt to prove; contenting myself with quoting the report of the Schools Inquiry Commission, p. 23: —

\* Since writing this paper I have had my attention directed to the masterly paper on "The Study of Language as a Scientific Discipline," by Mr. C. F. Mason, published in the *Educational Times* of November 1, 1879.

Passing from languages in general to the choice of them . . . there was a very great preponderance of opinion in favor of Latin. . . . All masters appear to be agreed that nothing teaches English grammar so easily or so well as Latin grammar; and next to that they would place some other foreign grammar, such as French. . . .

Again, p. 24 :—

The schoolmasters were almost unanimous in regarding Latin as their chief educational instrument. It might almost be said, that in proportion to a schoolmaster's success was the emphasis with which he expressed this preference. Not a few declared that boys who learnt Latin beat boys who did not learn Latin, even in other subjects with which Latin had no direct connection.

And some even stated that they would teach Latin, if only for two years, and even to peasants, if peasants could be induced to learn it.

In Scotland it is not necessary to enforce this view. In Scotland the study of Latin has been for centuries *the* distinguishing mark between the higher and the lower education; it still is the recognized portal to the university, and so long as it remains so, whether we agree or not in the view taken above, it is of the last importance to the community that the subject should be taught with thoroughness, with method, and with life, and with a true appreciation of the practical results to be gained from it.

I shall begin by laying down the fundamental principle on which, in my opinion, the teaching of classics should be based; and this I cannot do better than by inveighing energetically against the view which lies at the root of the term "*dead languages*," so often applied to them. If the classical languages be indeed "*dead*" languages, then the sooner they are buried, and forever put out of sight, the better. The number of living interests to which the human mind has to be applied is so great that it can spare no time for studies that are dead. But the very reverse is the fact. The classical languages are dead in no sense except that in which the seed-corn dies in the production of a new harvest. The study of them is essentially a living study. It is to understand the languages of to-day that we study those of the past. We study them because the languages, the laws, the history, the literature of ancient Greece and Rome are the direct ancestors of our own, because their life has determined or modified ours at a thousand points—because we cannot, with full intelligence, read a

single page of English, or enter upon the discussion of a single modern problem, whether literary, or religious, or political, or æsthetic, without using or coming across terms, ideas, modes of thought which are either unintelligible, or yield up to us only a maimed, confused meaning, if we cannot refer them to their source. We study Latin and Greek because they are the essential complement of modern studies; because, as Mr. Freeman well puts it, "they are needful to modern study as its natural beginning, and to which modern study is needful as its natural continuation. We must study Greek and Latin not as something alien to English, French, and German, but as something without which English, French, and German cannot be fully understood, and which is not wholly understood without a knowledge of English, French, and German." So that if we had no other object in view than to gain a scientific knowledge of modern languages, we could no more pretend to such a knowledge apart from a knowledge of the ancient languages than a tourist could claim to have explored the valley of the Thames who had never traced its course above London bridge.

This principle should guide us in our teaching from the very outset. Latin should be taught as a real, living language, standing in a definite, direct relation to the modern languages of Europe; spoken by living men and women, used for objects as real and tangible as the world about ourselves; with peculiarities of form and structure, with points of strength and weakness, which should be contrasted at every point with those of our own. A boy should not be taught to regard Latin as a kind of mysterious puzzle, to be solved by applying certain rules which he can only half understand, or be held to have achieved his end if he can, by help of grammar, dictionary, and other aid, stumble indifferently through a bit of translation. What is needed is that a boy should acquire, to however limited an extent, a real mastery over the language, a power to use it at will for his own purposes. He should begin from the very first to translate simple sentences—the very simplest conceivable—from English into Latin, as well as from Latin into English. As soon as he can decline a single noun he should be taught a tense or two of an auxiliary verb, and a tense of a regular verb; each word thus learnt should at once be used to construct a sentence: each day some fresh words, names for



common objects and declined in the same way as the word first used, should be learnt by heart, an adjective or two may soon be added, and the pupil exercised to weave each word as it is learnt into a number of sentences similar in character, but varied in form and difficulty, and with the introduction of new words day by day, till he can with quickness and accuracy turn a variety of sentences at once, and with equal ease, from English into Latin or from Latin into English. New declensions, new tenses and conjugations, will be learnt in the same way; whilst the teacher will at the same time introduce one by one, and in a natural manner, the principal constructions given in the syntax, giving no rule whatever in the abstract form until the pupil has become familiar with the usage in the concrete. The above lessons should be conducted almost entirely *vivâ voce*, with as little as possible at first of the dreary work of learning by heart prescribed portions of a book; but once familiar with the form which the sentences should take, the pupil should be required to write out the sentences thus framed so as to ensure accuracy and correct spelling.

The words first selected should be the names of every-day objects, of common qualities, and of all the ordinary actions in life, so that by degrees a little vocabulary may be permanently acquired, and the pupil grow accustomed to throw into a Latin form the names of the objects and ideas around him.

A clever teacher will secure the attention of his class by bringing words and ideas into his sentences which have some natural interest about them. He will not torture and dismay his class by the attempt to Latinize such ridiculous and pompous platitudes as we find at the head of copy-books; such as "Persevering effort is crowned by success," or "Procrastination is the thief of time." He will draw largely upon the dog, the mouse, the cow, the cocks and hens — the things the boys are seeing and doing every day of their lives — throwing in a bit of humor now and then, and thus both pin the attention of his class, and, what is more important still, make them feel that the so-called dead language they are learning is to be used with exactly the same kind of readiness, and for the same kind of purposes as their own.

Whilst this stage of progress is being reached the main parts of the grammar must be constantly and reiteratingly learnt; the lesson thus learnt should be

at once applied in the formation of sentences, and thus transformed into a living possession. The pupil who can apply correctly in this way a few of the main principles of the grammar has advanced further than one who can repeat faultlessly the whole volume by rote.

I have sketched thus in detail what I mean by teaching Latin as a living language, not because there is anything new or untried in the method I have described, but because I believe it to be the sound method, and because I can thus best illustrate what I have found to be the main defects in the teaching of Latin in the schools of Scotland. I know well under what difficulties Latin is often taught, especially in the elementary schools — how little time can be given to it, what a pressure there is upon the master to satisfy first the formal requirements of the code, and how apt the whole system is to turn the teacher into a machine for extracting the maximum number of passes out of his children. But the less time there can be given to Latin, the more essential it is that the time given to it should be used in the best possible way; and I feel confident that were the best methods employed, the results obtained, both from secondary and elementary schools, would be far more satisfactory than they are at present. Numerous exceptions there are, no doubt; cases in which one is astonished at the excellent scholarship acquired, under circumstances of difficulty, both at elementary and secondary schools; but looking at Scottish scholarship as a whole, there can be no doubt that were all the first-year students in the Scottish universities examined at entrance, their average attainments in Latin would be found to be far below what they might be, far below what they ought to be, in a country which is justly proud of its education, and which especially founds its higher education on the study of Latin. For much of this, no doubt, the universities are to blame. They ought, before this, to have instituted entrance examinations, to be compulsory on all students entering the university with a view to taking a degree; and before long, it is to be hoped, such examinations will be established. But this is beside the present question; what I maintain is that under all existing difficulties, taking the amount of time and trouble which can, under present conditions, be devoted to the subject in our schools, better results would be obtained if better methods were pursued.



But I must first show the fact; and I can do this most shortly by referring to the results of a voluntary entrance examination which I have carried out in the junior Latin class in Glasgow University for the last ten years.

The result of these examinations is this.\* Excluding the forty or fifty students who come to the university, (principally from secondary schools) well enough prepared to enter the senior class at once, and taking only the bulk of the students who enter the junior class in the ordinary way with a view to the four years' course in arts, I find that from one-fourth to one-third of these students are unable to pass a strict examination in grammar; not more than a tenth part can put correctly into Latin at sight three out of four easy sentences — some simple, some compound — such sentences as any one would have to construct if landing as a stranger in a foreign country. Obviously, Latin has not been studied by the bulk of such students as a living language. But let no one suppose that these students have got no further knowledge of the language than these facts bring out. Many of them have read, and with time and dictionary can understand, difficult authors; they may have acquired a great deal of classical information. But unfortunately they have never been trained in composition; their hold of what they have learned is loose and unstable, and, in too many cases, they discover when too late that because the base is rotten, the whole superstructure of knowledge built upon it is rotten also. The importance of composition is now making itself felt everywhere, and the requirements for Latin in the schedule for special subjects in the Scotch code are already having influence on the work of the schools. But the old Scottish notions of reading authors rather than studying the language inevitably produced the results which I have described. Grammar was hurried over, and never systematically applied. Boys were frequently kept working at the language for three or four years — in some cases even longer — before any composition was attempted. The grand object used to be to hurry a lad or a class "into Cæsar," or "into Virgil," as it was called. "Cæsar" and "Virgil" were regarded, not so much as authors to be mastered, but rather as standards marking a certain stage of the progress. Turn your pupil

"into Virgil," and your task was done; he was a scholar and a gentleman.

Now this is no imaginary picture. Over and over again, in former years, students would ask me whether they should join the junior or the senior class. "What have you read?" I would ask. The unfailing answer would be, "Cæsar and Virgil." "Do you consider Virgil a difficult author?" was my next query. If the student answered *no*, as he would do in nine cases out of ten, my reply would be, "Then, sir, I think you had better join the *junior class*." A young scholar who thinks Virgil easy can never have been taught what accuracy of translation means; he has been shoved through a few lines in a semi-conscious way; he probably cannot explain a construction, perhaps not parse a word correctly. I used to come across such cases frequently. Under the Burgh and Parochial Schoolmasters Act of 1861, it was my duty to examine applicants for such schools in Latin. In many cases the situations were such that it was absurd to exact from applicants a knowledge of Latin; but whatever the school, Latin was invariably professed. I would ask the candidate what he had read, and suggest some easy book. But he always knew Virgil. I would give him a Virgil, and ask him to choose any passage he liked. He would choose the beginning of the *Æneid*, and put a few lines into English more or less resembling the Latin. But the moment I pressed upon his knowledge, it would, as a rule, give way. Cases, moods, tenses, were all in a kind of jumble, and his real study would be not of the text, to find out what it contained, but of my face, to see what unreasonable answer I expected. Not unfrequently I could get translations of the utmost ingenuity, original, if not accurate; as in an instance which did not indeed happen to myself, but for the authenticity of which I can vouch. The candidate professed Virgil as usual; but being unable to make much of it unassisted, he was considerably furnished with a crib, and given an interval for preparation. The examination resumed, the candidate waded boldly enough through the opening lines, till he fairly floundered at the fourth: —

*Sævæ memorem Junonis ob iram.*

At length, after much hesitation and infinite encouragement to go on, he brought out sentimentously this unique rendering: *Iram*, "I will go," *ob*, "upon," *sævæ*, "the seventh," *Junonis*, "of June."

\* I have not thought it necessary to give here in detail the statistics of these examinations. They will shortly be published in the *Educational News*.

In another examination, a candidate, professing to know a book of Horace, translated, —

*Merses profundo pulchrior exiet,*

"Riches which are more beautiful exist in the profound deep."

A third rendered, —

*Bella plane accinctis obeunda,*

"A beautiful woman must obviously be well dressed."

A fourth, —

*Nilus crocodilum alit belluam quadrupedem,*

"No crocodile carries on war with four-footed beasts."

Of course I don't bring forward cases of this kind as typical instances; I only mention them to show how ruinous to the mind, how destructive to the sound logical development of the understanding, is the system which hurries on a learner to the difficult parts of a subject before he has mastered the elements of it, and tempts him to soar before he has learned to creep. Such a one is past praying for. He has been taught to believe that rotten knowledge was sound knowledge, and unless he gets that lesson unlearned in other ways, he will be an intellectual impostor all his days.

The two first principles therefore to bear in mind for the teaching of Latin will be these: —

1. Never advance till you have made the ground absolutely your own behind. Don't be ashamed of confining your teaching to the simplest sentences: they contain the gist of the whole language. Do not begin to read an author at all till the grammar is thoroughly and practically known, and till the pupil can grasp and explain the logical relations involved in the constructions he has to translate.

2. From the very outset let translation from English into Latin go hand in hand with translation from Latin into English, and let the pupil learn from the first that he has to obtain a mastery over the language for the purpose of using it correctly and forcibly in practice.

I had occasion, some years ago, to see the classical work done in several German secondary schools of note, and I was much struck with the completeness with which the first of the above principles was carried out. A class is not allowed to go on to more difficult work until it has thoroughly mastered the stage behind. Every boy in the class is expected

to go through the lesson of the day without a mistake; no half-knowledge, no guessing, no shuffling; nothing short of absolute accuracy and completeness is accepted. The result is that a thoroughly sure foundation is laid; the learner never has the baffling, discouraging sense which half-knowledge brings with it; he feels himself progressing regularly, and when the more difficult stages are reached, everything falls naturally into its proper place, and he advances with a certainty and rapidity which overcome all difficulties.

There still exists in some of the secondary schools of Scotland one great obstacle to the carrying out of this principle, and that is the old-fashioned vicious principle of promoting a whole class at a time, good and bad alike, without regard to the proficiency of each individual boy. Against that system I have never failed to protest; it is, I believe, disappearing fast, and I have been able to trace the greatest improvement in those schools which have abolished it, and substituted promotion by merit in its place. But wherever that system prevails, it is hopeless to expect that the best results can be produced. It necessarily condemns one half of a class to be carried on beyond their real knowledge, trains them in self-deception, and accustoms them to presenting the appearance of knowledge instead of the reality.

Passing from these two general principles, there are some further points to which, it seems to me, attention should be directed.

3. From the very first, in translating from English into Latin, point out and insist upon the use of the right order of the words. The order of the words is an essential element in any language; most of all in inflectional languages like Latin and Greek. The order of the words represents the logical order in which the genius of the language requires ideas to succeed one another; and unless that logical order is grasped and mastered, we lose the logical and imaginative process involved in taking the ideas of one age and people and transmuting them into those of another. Unless we study the order of words in a language, we cannot get at the way in which the people who used it thought; and until we can *think* in a language, we can neither understand it thoroughly nor use it correctly — much less use it with force or elegance. The simple fact is that the order of the words

is part and parcel of a language, and that without the order you have not got the language. We all recognize this in the case of modern languages. If we had to translate "When I am tired I shall go home," into German, and turned it so, "*Wann ich bin müde ich werde gehen nach Hause*," we should simply say that is not German at all. It has no pretensions to being German. It is simply English with the words changed into German words. Or if a German were to say, "When I tired am, will I home go," we should smile or stare, as a restaurant-keeper in the Strand stared lately at a foreign lady who asked him over and over again, but all in vain, to supply her with "a chop lamb." If order be important in modern languages, of far greater importance is it in a language like Latin, in which the order is so elastic and variable that a speaker can almost turn it which way he wills so as to bring out the sense he wants, and present his ideas exactly in the order in which they will tell most.

In comparison with English, this power of order is the great power which an inflectional language possesses, and the study of it helps us more than anything else to distinguish between the essence of a thought and its accidents.

English sentences are too often without form and void: the thought needs no arranging before it is expressed, and therefore it seldom gets it. Hence it is that we often read or hear long sentences which are unintelligible or ambiguous until the sense is drawn out in sentences longer still, or whose sense can only be determined by the stress of the voice. I remember hearing the Dean of Norwich once quote the following as a good instance of such a sentence: "The 'Novum Organum' of Bacon was not intended to supersede the 'Organon' of Aristotle." An excellent sentence; but what does it mean? It is obvious that according as the stress of the voice is changed it may bear any one of six meanings: if we say, "The 'Novum Organum' of Bacon was not intended to supersede the 'Organon' of Aristotle," we should imply that some other work of Bacon's did so supersede it; if we say, "The 'Novum Organum' of Bacon was not intended," etc., we mean that some other author's "Novum Organum" did so; if we lay stress on the word *intended*, we mean that the result was unforeseen by Bacon; if on *supersede*, we imply that Bacon meant only to add to, or supplement, Aristotle's

work; while by emphasizing the "*Organon*" or *Aristotle* respectively, we should transfer the statement to some other of Aristotle's works, or to a work of the same title written by some other author.

In Latin or Greek such an ambiguity would be impossible or inexcusable. In Latin every sentence is organically constructed; no loose jumbling of words in the middle of a sentence without anything to indicate their mutual connection, no confusion of subject and predicate (if we except oracular statements) is permissible; and to feel the force and beauty of the order of ideas in a sentence is as essential as to understand the meaning of the words. Yet frequently fairly good scholars are found who have never been taught to pay any attention at all to the order of words in a sentence; and even many writers of Latin prose exercise-books, if one may judge by the kind of Latin they furnish for their "keys," seem to suppose that boys may begin by putting their words in a purely English order, and that they will learn better afterwards. I believe, on the contrary, that you can't begin teaching the right order too soon. Order is no doubt a subtle subject to master; but there are certain plain rules which may and should be observed from the first. The verb especially should never be allowed to stand where it does in English. A boy should be taught that *Cæsar vicit hostem* is not Latin, and that he should say *Cæsar hostem vicit*, or *Vicit hostem Cæsar*, according to circumstances. He should be taught that the first and last places are the emphatic places; that the verb usually, unless for some special reason, comes last, the object or the subject first, according as the one or other is the more emphatic word; the subordinate ideas somewhere in between, and in their proper connection; and so on. He should be taught that the adjective usually comes after, not before its noun, and that it is no more Latin to say *Romanus senatus et populus*, than it would be English to say *the people Roman* instead of "the Roman people," or "the people of Rome;" that he should not say, as in English, "When Cæsar had conquered Gaul, he returned to Rome," but *Cæsar, quum vicisset Galliam, Romam rediit*. His ear will thus gradually get trained to the niceties of order; he will learn to think as the Romans thought, and to put his English into a Roman mould before attempting to translate it.

4. Another point of importance is this: from the moment that a boy is able to translate simple sentences correctly into Latin, give him sentences which are not intended to be, and which cannot be, translated literally, but which must be put into a new shape before they can appear in Latin. This brings us to the great leap in the study of the language: the passage from the simple sentence to the compound sentence. This is an immense stride. To understand the various ways in which subordinate clauses can be used in Latin is a severe logical and linguistic discipline. It requires the student to take his own language to pieces — to analyze the thought — to grasp the logical relation of the parts to the whole; and having done so, to forge them into a new shape, in which those logical relations are accurately and scientifically expressed. He will thus learn that the words “*to*” and “*that*” are used in half a dozen different senses in English, and that each meaning must be differently expressed in Latin. He will find English loose everywhere: Latin everywhere so exact, that if he does not think out logically the thought, he is bound to go wrong. To keep him right, point out and explain all the various meanings underlying common English phrases, and in what various ways they may be expressed in Latin. Take such a sentence as “*Seeing is believing*.” The unregenerate scholar is bound at first sight to translate that into *Videns est credens*. What light he has gained when he has learned the absurdity of such a sentence, and can at once resolve it into its logical equivalents: “To see is to believe;” “When I see, then I believe;” “Those who see, believe;” “A man cannot believe unless he sees;” “What things I see, those I believe;” etc., etc.!

If, again, he is able to grasp the true mode of rendering the present participle in such phrases as “On seeing the enemy, he retired;” and sees that in words like “a painting,” “a building,” it denotes not a process, but a result, he has made a great stride towards the power of accurate thinking. So when he is made to realize that Latin has no present participle passive and no past participle active — truths which it takes ill-grounded scholars years to grasp — and knows in what various ways the meaning of those forms can be expressed in Latin, when he is confronted with such a phrase as “those killed in battle,” and knows *why* it is absurd to render it into “*illi interfecti*,”

he has gained a power of making fine logical distinctions which will be of value to him in whatever position in life he may be placed. An excellent instance of the kind of thought required to turn English into Latin is given in Mr. G. L. Bennett’s “Second Latin Writer:” he takes the simple word “without,” and shows how many different ideas it may express, each requiring a different rendering in Latin.

1. *Without hope* = *sine spe*.
2. *Without the city* = *extra urbem*.
3. He is *without courage* = *virtute caret*.
4. He went away *without* shutting the door = *nec januam clausit*.
5. He was condemned *without* a hearing = *causa indicta*.
6. You cannot succeed *without* study = *nisi studes*.
7. I never saw him *without* calling him a fool = *quin appellaverim*.
8. He would not go *without* the general’s leave = *injussu ducis*.
9. His management was *without* success = *male rem gessit*.

The first step towards a proper rendering into Latin must be a careful analysis of the English. It is this that makes the study of Latin so valuable. A boy can translate into a modern language almost without thought; but to translate into Latin he must first penetrate to the fountain-head of the thought, and thence descend again by new channels into new forms of speech. Not a page of English can be found which does not bristle with points which are totally non-Latin in form, and which can only be made into Latin by first extracting the kernel of the thought, and then transmuting it into Latin — the vague everywhere replaced by the exact, the abstract by the concrete, the indefinite by the positive. Such a process, I need scarcely say, is as valuable for gaining a mastery over English as over Latin: it is in this way that English and Latin grammar should be taught, and not by means of the pedantic and trivial technicalities — the miserable rubbish of endless and unmeaning distinctions — which we find in certain well-known grammars which are or were only too much used in our schools.

This leads us to a fifth point.

5. Let the pupil be accustomed to use as little as possible — not at all would be best — the English-Latin Dictionary. Let him rely on the vocabulary in his own brain, and turn about his sentences till he brings them within range of what he knows. Nothing is more misleading and

more weakening than the constant looking out of single words in a dictionary. In nine cases out of ten the dictionary word is the wrong word altogether. The usage of words in the two languages is so different, the associations they convey so incongruous, verbs need so often to be rendered by nouns, and nouns by verbs, that the dictionary is sure to lead astray. The dictionary will only help to write English with Latin words. The scholar should from the first be taught to break down his probably complicated or at least abstract English phrase into some simple concrete idea for which he can command the Latin. Asked to translate, "*He was a general of consummate ability*," if he looks out "consummate" and "ability" he must go wrong: he should think of the whole as equivalent to "a good leader." Or if the English begins, "I have a great mind to change my profession," the dictionary-hunter is safe to write, "*Magnam habeo mentem*—(let us hope he is right there)—*mutare professionem*." Instances of such renderings as "He made a miss" into "*Puellam fecit*" might be multiplied indefinitely by any teacher, and any number of ludicrous illustrations given of the folly of allowing students to translate literally into Latin; but enough has been said. The same rule applies to translation from Latin into English; while every passage should be translated literally once, to make sure that the construction is understood, the scholar should be made to turn it into the best idiomatic English he can command. He should be taught especially to translate tersely; to use simple, plain, short words—above all, Saxon words—and not the monstrosities of long-winded, pedantic, Latin words which were threatening some time since to overflow our honest English. He will call a place "a place," not "a locality;" a man will be "a man," not "an individual;" he will be "ill," not "suffering from indisposition;" and he will not follow the example of the paraphraser who improved

The fat stags champ the boughs  
On the Ciminian Hill

into "The corpulent stags masticate the ramifications on the undulating heights of the Ciminian forest."

No pains should be spared to fill scholars with an abhorrence of such barbarous phraseology, and to teach them to take their example from writers like Horace,

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who used the plainest, simplest words of every-day life, rather than that of the semi-educated, pretentious, poetaster who could not express himself without interlarding his language with pedantic words borrowed from the Greek.

But it is not only the choice of words that has to be attended to in translation: to produce idiomatic English we must break up the structure of the Latin, and put it into English forms, just as we break up English to turn it into Latin. In Latin the ordinary style of narration is through the organically constructed period; a mode of writing which is clear and logical in Latin, but which is apt to become intolerably confused in English. There is no finer logical exercise than that involved in analyzing such a period, and translating it into pointed, vigorous English. If I may be so rash as to give an example of a Latin period, and explain the kind of work which should be put upon it to make English of it, I would refer to Tacitus, "Annals" I., Cap. 2:—

Postquam Bruto et Cassio caesis nulla iam publica arma, Pompeius apud Siciliam oppressus, exutoque Lepido, interfecto Antonio ne Iulianis quidem partibus nisi Cæsar dux reliquus: posito triumviri nomine, consullem se ferens, et ad tuendam plebem tribunicio jure contentum, ubi militem donis, populum annonâ, cunctos dulcedine otii pellexit, insurgere paulatim, munia senatus, magistratum, legum in se trahere, nullo adversante, cum ferocissimi per acies aut proscriptione cecidissent, ceteri nobilium, quanto quis servitio promptior, opibus et honoribus extollerentur, ac novis ex rebus aucti tuta et præsentia quam vetera et periculosa mallent.

This is a fine example of the Latin period. In one single sentence, with only two principal verbs, we have some eighteen or nineteen distinct statements, all marshalled without confusion in their natural logical order. To translate this literally would be to produce chaos; but a little thought will enable us to express the sense accurately, and yet in a fairly English form:—

The death of Brutus and Cassius had deprived the republic of her last army. The defeat of Pompey in Sicily, the deposition of Lepidus, and the death of Antony left to Octavianus the undisputed leadership of the Julian party. Laying aside the title of triumvir, he assumed the consulship, and professed that he would be satisfied with the powers of the tribunate for the protection of the people's rights. Then winning over the army with largesses, the populace with cheap corn, all



classes with the sweets of peace, he gradually raised his pretensions, and gathered into his own hands the functions of the senate, the magistrates, and the legislature. Opposition there was none; for the most independent spirits had fallen either on the field or in the proscriptions; while the rest of the nobility, finding themselves advanced to wealth and office in exact proportion to their servility, preferred the safety of the present to the dangers of the past.

Even Messrs. Church and Brodribb, whose translation is often so good, seem to me scarcely to succeed in making English of this passage.

6. On one other point, a caution seems to me to be required. Some excellent teachers practise and advocate what is styled the *pitfall* principle of teaching Latin prose; according to which the unhappy learner is to be taught truth by being perpetually and unsuspectingly lured into error. The system cannot be better described than in the words of one of its advocates, Dr. Abbott, author of an otherwise excellent little book on Latin prose. On p. vii. of the preface, Dr. Abbott says:—

The exercises are arranged on a principle that I have adopted for many years, and that I may call the *pitfall principle*. Each exercise contains a number of pitfalls, or traps. All traps that prove fatal are repeated in the following exercise, in a disguised form. If the fatality continues, the traps are repeated, always masked in different expressions, until even the weakest pupil in the class gains experience enough to warn him of danger. One instance will explain what is meant. In the first exercise of term the teacher sets perhaps, "The excellent Balbus answered in haste, I asked you to come to Rome, and you promised to do so," etc. The bottom boy sends up, "*Egregius Balbus respondit celeritate, rogavi te venire ad Romam et tu promissisti facere ita*" The teacher points out the correct expressions in each case. . . . Then he sets something like the following, only carefully dispersing the different traps through different parts of the new exercise. . . . The old pitfalls are introduced, and one or two, not worth now mentioning, are introduced for the first time. It is needless to say that the bottom boy will fall into the same pitfalls four or five, or even ten, times; but at last even the dumbest avoid some pitfalls, and are found to have been goaded, or wearied, into something approximating to thought.

Now it seems to me that the principle of instruction here advocated is a radically wrong principle. We want to lead a pupil to understand and use what is right; we insidiously lure him into what

is wrong. We want him to understand as he goes along the reason for all the constructions he uses; we deliberately force him to attempt to translate passages which are chosen on the very ground that he does not, and cannot, understand them. We want him to glide naturally into correctness of thought and expression: we diabolically strew his path with difficulties which he cannot surmount. We want him to move swiftly and with judgment through a difficult country; we begin by deliberately training him to expect to find a pitfall gaping under every sod, a spring-gun concealed beneath every bush. We ought to proceed in a manner diametrically opposed to this. We should lead on to the intelligence of the pupil gradually, not discouraging him with difficulties to which he has no key, but, on the contrary, giving him all the confidence we can by making him feel that he will have to face no difficulties but such as can be solved by the weapons which have been already put into his hands. He should learn that there is no strange, inexplicable mystery about the language, and that a little thought and common sense will keep him straight.

We cannot take a better illustration than from the science of spelling. In teaching spelling, a good teacher takes care, as far as possible, that the correct mode of spelling a word shall fasten itself in the eye and memory of the pupil, so that he may glide almost insensibly into the use of the correct form. When he propounds a new and difficult word, he will not conceal it in ambush, but he will first make the child notice the spelling of the word in a book; he will then write it upon a blackboard; he will then ask the pupil to write out the word, or the passage, for dictation, with the correct spelling before him: if he makes mistakes, he will make him write out correctly the words wrongly spelt; his object being, if possible, to secure that the only impression allowed to take hold of his mind shall be the correct impression, and that even in the case in which he makes a mistake, he shall have seen and noticed the word correctly spelt five or six times for every single time that he has seen it spelt wrongly. So should it be with other subjects; we should not raise sudden insurmountable objects to a pupil's progress; we should lead him to understand each new point as he goes along, and help him to feel how easy and natural the steps in his progress are, not how difficult

they are; only increasing the difficulty of his task with the increase of his capacity to surmount it. It is impossible to estimate how much impression is left upon a boy's mind by the mode in which he has for the first time worked out the construction of a sentence for himself. The effort which he has made to construct the sentence at all will cause every part of it, right or wrong, to cling to his memory like a burr; and no subsequent correction of mistakes by the teacher will wipe out the original impression. Our object should be not to beguile into error, but to bring on the pupil naturally from point to point, so that if possible he shall not fall into error at all, or, at any rate, into no errors that are avoidable. Who has not felt, in learning a foreign language, that if one has allowed some trifling inaccuracy of gender, or termination, or usage, to creep into one's mouth, "not all the king's horses and all the king's men" can pull it out again?

The "pitfall principle" of teaching Latin is essentially the principle of "how not to do it." The infinite labor of such a method should be enough to warn off teachers from adopting it; for while the way of truth is one, the ways of error are infinite in number. The idea at the root of the principle is that we should learn error first, truth afterwards. The pupil is to have no guide to tell him which is which; he is deliberately taught that Latin is a region of surprises, that every sentence has some dodge about it, and that the most likely way of being right is to avoid everything that seems natural and simple, and to take refuge in that "unexpected" which "always happens." Such a process is certain to confuse the understanding and to sow distrust of the ordinary powers of the mind and of ordinary methods. Such a process produces the men at Oxford and Cambridge who believe in the "art" of writing examination papers, and in the science of "tips." It produces the examiner (sometimes found amongst her Majesty's inspectors of schools) who holds it to be his first function to display the wisdom of the examiner; who baffles and frightens a class of poor children by asking questions of a kind, or in a form, which makes them instinctively "refuse" rather than jump into a possible trap; and who, for the simple and strictly definite aim of discovering the extent of the examinee's knowledge, substitutes the boundless task of fathoming his ignorance.

GEORGE G. RAMSAY.

From Temple Bar.

CELIA:

AN IDYLL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY QUEEN."

"Glad, but not flushed with gladness,  
Since joys go by;  
Sad, but not bent with sadness,  
Since sorrows die."

I.

"SHE has the face of a Greuze, soft-tinted, dewy-eyed, tender-lipped, but it is a Greuze with a soul. There is power in the broad, level brows, in the firm setting of the mouth. She is a creature who will penetrate beyond the peaceful monotony of this your country village. She will struggle and suffer, but never stagnate in the unambitious tranquillity that is so near to idiocy."

He who speaks is Valentine Neal, the great artist from London, who once or twice in a year or so finds his way to this man-forgotten little village where he was once his dearest comrade, and nearest rival, has buried himself in a living grave.

He who answers is a man with a grave and noble face and a quiet, pleasant voice, who bears in both face and voice the unalterable marks of some great sorrow, past, but not forgotten, some cruel blow that has sored and stricken him, taking all the brightness and light, though leaving much strength and possible peace behind.

His dress is a deft mixture of artist and parson, with a strong dash of the Bohemian over all.

"Tranquillity may mean happiness—that you forget or deny," he makes answer in that pleasant voice of his. "I, who have known the child and cared for her welfare for so many years, am loth to think that the world of feverish desires and unreal pleasures, that never satisfy though they satiate, should break into her quiet life yet awhile."

"And yet she has a talent that will not be hid under a bushel," answers Neal, with the same vigor of voice and manner that he shows in every work of his powerful hand. "Let her fulfil the promise of these days, and her power be known, and you will have every little jackanapes of an art-critic—heaven save the mark—dragging her to the fore, and raking out every petty detail of her private life."

John Trevelyan takes his cigar from his mouth and looks into the broad, clever face of his friend with a sudden light in his grey eyes.

"You acknowledge her power—you, who hold that a woman can do no good work?"

But Neal is not to be taken aback.

"She has power and talent, undoubtedly—for a woman," he says sturdily. "But she is only a woman in her sex and her gentleness—there is no fangleness or fine-ladyism about her. She has been your pupil, your associate. She has had the education of a boy, and escaped the follies of her kind."

But John Trevelyan does not hear this semi-apologetic praise. He has fallen into a reverie.

"Poor little Celia!" he says softly. "She will have her wish; she will make money by her paintings, and for her sake I am glad. She is so proud, too proud to take help from us who love her, and so very, very poor."

Neal ponders. He, who by the work of hand and brain now reaps so much of this world's goods, once felt the sting of poverty in such bitter fashion that he cannot hear the word lightly. Poverty means misery, oftentimes crime.

"If she be poor, she has the rare gift of wearing her poverty gracefully. All her surroundings are pure and delicate. Truly it is better to be poor in the country than in a town," he says, musing. Then he asks, "How comes she here alone? Has she no people, no belongings?"

"Neither kindred nor acquaintance, not a creature belonging to her, or having the smallest claim upon her. And yet there is no romance or mystery about her. Twelve years ago the mother, a beautiful, well-born, well-bred creature came and settled down in that tiny little cottage where Celia still lives, her only desire, complete isolation from the world, her only possessions, her child, a faithful servant, an income of a hundred a year, and a broken heart."

"A good stock-in-trade, poor soul," grunts Neal, sucking at his pipe.

"Yet her story was simple enough, common enough too. She had irretrievably offended her only relation, a rich uncle, by her marriage with a good-looking scoundrel. The uncle dies, leaving to her, and her child after her, nothing but an annuity of a hundred pounds. The scoundrel, having first broken all the heart and the spirit out of her, deserts her, and then dies too."

"Last of all, the woman died also?" quotes Neal.

"Yes, she died too; five years ago. She had, as I say, completely isolated

herself. Those of the rich who would have been kind to her she shunned determinedly; the poor, seeing her superiority and guessing her pride, shunned her. I, as the parson, would not be shunned, and during the seven years she lived here I was the only stranger who ever entered her cottage. I took a fancy to the child, and I taught her. I and her mother taught her all she knows. That is all."

"And the mother being dead, this girl goes on living there alone. By heaven, what a life! A beautiful girl, no friends—one hundred a year—in this dead-alive hole."

For a moment John Trevelyan's forehead contracts with pain, but he answers quietly, "My mother and I are her friends. My mother being blind and so old can do little for her, but we would have wished to have her to live with us if that had been possible. Do you think that I would not do all that I could for her?"

"I think that you would do all that you could for every one but yourself," answers Neal, heartily.

"Celia's mother, dying, trusted me, as her only friend, with her wish for her child's future. The isolation and solitary life she had chosen for herself she left as a legacy to her child. She wished that she should live in this cottage, under the old nurse's care and mine, and that, until she was twenty-one and had a right to choose for herself, she should see no strangers, nor be brought in contact with the world in any way."

"That is why I have never seen her before?"

"Yes, we are bound to respect the mother's wishes. She never comes here when there are any strangers. It is only at Celia's most urgent wish that I have taken you to-day to see her work and give your opinion of it. The child had a right to ask that—she has worked so hard."

"And who has been her master in painting?" asks Neal, laying down his empty pipe.

"I have."

Neal's strong hand comes down with a mighty thump on the rustic table near him.

"Then you have broken your vow! Jack, Jack! I am glad. Has the child done what we all of us failed to do?"

"No, she has not," he answers, with a face grown visibly pale. "My vow was that I should never paint another picture as long as I lived. I have not broken it;

I have simply been her master, because she had no other. I have scarcely touched a brush in the teaching, and then only for her."

"You are a fool," answers Neal.

And then there is silence between them. After a while Neal begins pacing up and down the smooth grass terrace from which there is so glorious a view, hands in pocket, with massive brows knitted.

"You have turned your back on the only thing worth living for, and in your disgust with art made yourself a parson. Being a parson, let me ask you, in your own parables, have you any right to hide your one talent in a napkin, and vow you will never again put brush to canvas, because of your own folly — and a woman, curse her!"

"And a friend," says Trevelyan, with pale, set lips.

"Because one man and one woman are treacherous, is that any reason that you should spoil all your life, you, who might be the first figure-painter living? Jack! it's a sin, a crime! Any man may be a parson, but any parson cannot be a painter. Leave some other fellow to preach to the old women, and come back to the world — to us."

"I have chosen my life. I shall stick to it," he makes curt answer.

Then some of the cloud clears from his face, some of the natural, grave kindness comes back.

"Strange as it may seem to you, this life has charms that the other lacked. Having learned to love the country I could not go back to the town. Besides, there are some that would miss me. My old women thought me a strange sort of parson at first, but they have learned to like me at last."

His eyes, wandering over the still landscape, rest on the hollow where Celia's cottage lies.

"And what would become of the child?" he says, more to himself than to his friend.

This friend has been pacing up and down in grim silence. He knows that what he has said none other of Trevelyan's friends or foes would have dared to say, but that even he, privileged though he be, dare no further.

Trevelyan's last words break the train of thought. He notes how his friend's gaze rests wistfully and unconsciously on the little cottage among the trees. He begins to perceive how the tenderness and geniality that were once the chief characteristics of John Trevelyan's face are be-

ginning to overgrow the gloom and sadness that have settled there for many a year. Forgetting all drawbacks, jumping to conclusions as is his wont, he claps his friend suddenly on the back and breaks into unexpected mirth.

"I see it all! It is a very pretty idyll. Master and pupil — teaching one thing he learns another. After all, Jack, you may have chosen the better life. She is pretty enough, and good enough to all seeming, to console a man for all other losses. Love in a village, among trees and flowers, under blue skies. By heaven! if I were not so grim and gruff and world-worn I could find it in my heart to envy you!"

For a moment Trevelyan listens in simple bewilderment. Then the sudden flush on his face shows that he understands.

"Drop your jest, Val, it is a sorry one," he says briefly and sternly. "There are things of which it is a profanation to speak. The child upon its mother's breast is not farther from all thought of this so-called love, with its follies and crimes, than Celia Thorold. Heaven keep her so!"

Ten minutes later they are speeding to the station, behind a pair of fast-trotting brown cobs. Fortune, usually bestowing her favors where they are not wanted, had brought John Trevelyan, rector of Borrodale, Creamshire, who had thought himself passing rich on three hundred a year, into sudden and unexpected possession of much money. His horses, wines, and cigars were noted in the country. He lived in real, not ostentatious luxury, but he would not leave his people. Perhaps these people loved him the more, knowing that he did not cleave to them from the necessity of a livelihood.

These same cigars had been as great a trouble to his simple people at one time, as his Bohemian dress and impenetrable reserve. But they had learned to accept them as part of the man himself. The parson would not be *their* parson without his cigar or short pipe.

Celia Thorold is not mentioned again between them until Neal's train is moving away from the station. Then he puts his head out of the window with a hasty valediction.

"Tell your pupil when she has done anything that contents herself to send it to me. I will do what I can for her."

"Lost to us again — through a woman," he mutters, as the train bears him away.

That is his final requiem over the remains of Jack Trevelyan, artist.

A few hours after, plunged into the whirlpool of a busy life, he has forgotten that this, his erewhile dearest friend, ever lived.

But as the passer-by with chance-thrown stone may bring all manner of strange, hidden life to the surface of the stagnant pool, so he, with careless hand, has disturbed the peaceful tranquillity of a quiet life, and brought all manner of strange and unsuspected thoughts into John Trevelyan's mind.

Leaving his carriage at the foot of a hill, and giving the reins to his servant, he strolls through bye-lanes towards his house. Scarce a night passes but he smokes his cigar among these lanes; never a night, wet or fine, but he goes past Celia's cottage to assure himself of the child's safety. It is so lonely for her, with only the old woman-servant to bear her company. Now he goes the same way, but not with the same serene self-acknowledgment of purpose. It dawns upon him, among a strange tumult of bewildered thoughts, that the child has grown into a woman, and that he, who thought all his real life ended, and his heart dead, has still some possibilities of loving left in him.

So he strolls up the lane, with his hands in his pockets and his cigar in his mouth, meditative.

The lane is grass-grown, and little used. The trees stretch out untrimmed, graceful branches towards each other, and well-nigh meet overhead; the violets, heavy with dew, send out faint, sweet perfume into the night air. But near to Celia's garden-gate the scent of the may-blossom is stronger than theirs, and overpowers their delicate fragrance in its own strong, sweet odor.

The cottage lies back from the lane, and there is a little garden around it kept in blossom all the year round by Celia's own strong, young hands, a tiny orchard at the back which is Celia's studio in the fine weather, and beyond the orchard a wood with two paths, oft trodden by Celia's feet — the one a short cut to the vicarage, the other to the big house, where she, day after day, copies in the great picture-gallery by permission of the absent owner, granted at John Trevelyan's request.

Nearing the gate, he is aware of a tall, slim figure, with small, shapely head, just visible in the twilight of the clear night. His step quickens.

"Not in bed, Celia?" he asks, throwing away his cigar.

Celia goes to bed with the birds and is up and about when they are leaving their nests, for the daylight is her work-time. But to-night the great man from town has brought something of the disquiet of his presence, even to her quiet mind.

"I could not rest," she answers simply, "and it seems less lonely here. Tabitha is in bed and asleep."

"What has disturbed you, child?" he asks gently.

In his anxiety for her, she is only his child-charge again.

"Hopes and fears. Tell me" (with just the least tremor in her low, quiet voice) "is there any hope for me?"

"More than hope. I was loth to trust my own judgment, being your master. But Neal, who is sparing of his praise of women, thinks much of your powers."

He smiles as he says it. He is glad for her gladness.

"And I shall make money — really make money?"

Her hands are clasped in eagerness; even in the semi-darkness he can see the light in her eyes.

"Little one, have you wanted so for money? . . . And we have so much," he says with tender reproach.

"I could not take money, even from you," she answers, defending herself. "All else you have given and I have taken, but not *money*. And, you see, Tabby is getting old, and I do not like that she should work so hard, and if I do the work then I must leave my painting, and that is all I have to live for."

She cannot see the sadness of his face, and if she could, she would not understand.

"Good-night," he says quietly, after a moment's silence. "God bless you, Celia."

"Good-night; I can sleep now. I am happy, and it is to you, my master, that I owe it all."

She takes his hand in both of hers with the caressing gesture of a child, and before he knows it or can stop her she stoops her graceful head and presses her soft lips upon it. Then with another "Good-night," she is gone.

But Trevelyan stays there under the may-tree, looking at the hand she has kissed.

## II.

THE following morning finds Celia, going steadily and perseveringly as ever,



on her way to the great house where she usually spends the chief part of the day, copying in the deserted picture-gallery.

Her hat is in her hand, and the sun, breaking through the network of young leaves, flings bright lights on her golden head, and plays among the folds of her long grey gown; made by her own deft fingers is this same gown, innocent of all the frills and flounces that adorn even the village maidens, and yet fulfilling perfectly all the most-to-be-desired qualifications of a dress, in that it clothes but does not hide all the supple lines of her perfect young figure. Fair and stately in her untrained simplicity, pure and guileless as Eve among the gardens of Eden, yet with a simple earnestness and intensity of purpose in her dark eyes and finely-formed lips, that are more noteworthy even than her beauty.

The excitement of the previous day has kept her sleeping later than is her wont, this fair spring morning, yet for two hours or more has she been about her homely duties, and now with a free conscience may go to the painting which has taken the place of all other loves and other interests in her lonely young life.

Through the primrose-studded woods into the gloom of the long, dark avenue, through the gardens, all so neglected and dreary, up the broad stone terraces she goes, a little, lonely, grey figure among all the stillness and desolation. One or two old servants, working in a gloomy, half-hearted fashion to keep the dust and dirt at bay in their master's long absence, look up and smile as she passes by. She is the only bit of sunlight in the place, and better known there than he to whom it all belongs. But Celia has the picture-gallery all to herself. Her little feet go tap, tap, all down the oaken floor, but only the fading faces on the walls look down to give her greeting, smiles or frowns, just as the painter's whim has made them; they cannot help themselves, smiling or frowning they must be always.

Sometimes Celia, who knows them all, these picture-people, loving some, disliking others, just as though they were her own familiar acquaintances (as indeed they are well-nigh the only ones she possesses), making up whimsical, fanciful little histories for each, feels quite sorry for them in their loneliness and desertion, with never any living faces to look upon theirs, only hers and her master's. They are so beautiful, some of them, and their beauty is fading slowly with no human eyes to find any pleasure in it. It is so

good a thing to live, to have work to do and be conscious of the power to do it, but *they* can never feel the warmth or the light of the sun any more. Sometimes the girl, shut up so many hours with all these picture-people, feels the oppression of their silence and sadness almost enough to damp her own brightness of youth and hope. But to-day hope is so strong within her that nothing can cloud her brightness.

Going along the gallery, she pauses before two pictures, first one, then the other. Never a day but she pays to each this tribute of interest.

The first, hanging in a panel by itself, is a portrait of two young children: one, a boy of sickly and fragile mien, and thoughtful eyes, seated on a fur rug with a book by his side; the other a year or so younger, of singular beauty, robust and strong, with a toy sword in his hand and a soldier's cap upon his little curly head.

Further down, among the more modern paintings, hangs the other picture (also a portrait), by a very celebrated artist, of a young man, not more than twenty-one or thereabouts. It is a face of almost perfect beauty, but, though the artist has struggled to put something of a smile on the lips, there are tired and dejected lines around the mouth that refuse to smile, and the eyes have a settled sadness in them.

Both these, the pictures of the little curly-headed soldier-boy and the young man, are portraits of Adrian Carlyon, the present possessor of the big house and all the lands that appertain thereto. But day after day Celia regards the two pictures with sweet, sorrowful eyes, and a heart full of the tenderest pity, for the story that hangs upon them is so sad an one that, however others may hold this Adrian Carlyon as worthy of envy, having so much of this world's goods, to her he is only an object of the most pitiful interest.

There were two brothers — so the story goes, so Celia has heard it from Trevelyan — Clement the eldest, delicate from birth, weakly of limb, but of great intelligence and sweet disposition; Adrian the younger, perfect in health and strength, beautiful, daring, hating all studies.

The affection between the two brothers was singularly strong, the difference of their natures seemed but to knit them the closer. In their childhood Clement would try his delicate strength to the utmost to join in his brother's pursuits; Adrian would tame his wild spirits and be the

gentlest of nurses in his brother's worst illnesses.

So they grew up, and there came a time when Clement, being seventeen, Adrian fifteen, they were spending the summer on the coast of Cornwall. There came a day when Adrian, ever headstrong, disregarding the fears of his mother, the entreaties of his brother, and the doubts of the boatmen, persisted in going out in his little sailing-boat when experienced eyes foresaw a storm. At the last moment Clement, finding all persuasions vain, quietly took his place in the boat also, and Adrian let him go—ay more, encouraged him, laughing at fear.

They were returning home, had nearly reached the shore, when the threatened storm came in sudden violence, carried away their little sail, overturned their boat, and left them struggling in the sea within sight of land.

After the first shock of immersion, Adrian, a powerful swimmer, looked for his brother, resolute to save him or die himself. But whether the falling sail had struck him, or the shock had produced one of the sudden faintings to which he was subject, none ever knew. Adrian swam round and round the spot until his own strength was exhausted, and he was with difficulty rescued. But he never saw his brother again.

The after-tale was sad as the prologue. The mother in her agony accused him as his brother's murderer and refused to see him, and never until she lay on her death-bed retracted or forgave him. Then it was too late. Adrian, hardened, remorseless, could not forgive, and would not go to her.

Since then only vague rumors of a wild and reckless life had reached the simple country-folk who had loved him as a child. They loved him still, for the matter of that, but he came among them so seldom. He seemed to have an unconquerable aversion to the inheritance which had come to him in such cruel manner. Now and again he would come to the old place, struggling to overcome it, but always after a few days it would get the better of him, and he would go back to his old life—no blameless one, if report be credited.

But there must have been some strange charm about him, so Celia used to fancy, for even his people, who suffered much from his long absences, and his thoughtless neglect, seemed to think them amply atoned by one glimpse of his handsome face, one careless gift from his generous

hand. And John Trevelyan, who knew him only by these few and far between visits to his own place, and could not fail to hear such evil as was said of him, never spoke of him but with a loving pity, not unmingled with admiration.

But Celia had never seen him; only the two faces, the happy, laughing child-face, the weary, saddened man's, draw from her always the tenderest interest and compassion.

But to-day she does not linger long, looking at them, or thinking about them. The stimulus of fresh hope and faith in her own powers have sent her with new energy to her work. How pleasant is that first sense of power! She paints unweariedly; sometimes as she mixes fresh colors she sings softly to herself, but mostly she is quite silent, altogether absorbed.

Trevelyan, coming in about midday, thinks what a pretty picture she makes at the end of the long, dark-floored gallery, with her head thrown a little back, one hand holding her palette uplifted, and a streak of sunlight, coming through an open window, falling on the hem of her gown.

"Is that you, my master?" she says gaily, without turning her head. "How good of you to come! I have been wanting you so badly. Come and tell me why it is this shadow will look so hard and thick."

There is no shade of embarrassment or remembrance in Trevelyan's grave, kindly manner. He takes his place by her side with a few quiet criticisms, as he has done so many mornings for years past. Now and again, with the strong impulse of conscious power, he takes the brush from her hand and puts in a few bold strokes, but always, after a moment, he gives it back to her.

"Show me! Show me!" she says eagerly. "See! one touch of yours has brought that finger into shape, where a dozen of mine have failed."

"If I do it, it will not be your work," he answers, smiling.

"This is only a copy, and does not matter. You have not touched my own picture—that you must never touch, that I may know for certain it is all my own."

"You are only a child still, little Celia," he answers, smiling half sadly. "Your picture is your doll."

"But if I find it is only stuffed with straw, then I shall break my heart. I have no other dolls," she says, half in jest, half in earnest.

But he does not answer her. What can he say? If this interest fails her, what other has he to give to her?—he who loved a woman almost before this girl was born, and has so many years to count against her nineteen.

He silently watches the busy hands, with now and then a glance at the little, earnest face.

"Your picture will have a good chance when it is finished," he says at length; "for Neal will do all he can for you, that I am sure. He is a living proof that real talent combined with perseverance and pluck will make its way. He has worked up from the lowest starting-point. Once he was very near to starving."

"Not if he was your friend," says Celia, with a bright glance.

"But I was poor myself. We were students together—and I was well nigh as poor as he. I had left all for the love of painting."

"And then you gave it up—and went into the Church," she says, with some reproach.

"Yes."

"His brows are overcast—but curiosity makes her pursue a subject on which she has never quite satisfied herself.

"But when your uncle died and left you all that money, were you not—a little bit tempted to give up other duties, and go back to art?" she says hesitatingly, never having ventured so far before.

A moment's pause, and then he, breaking down some of the reserve of years, answers her—more openly than he has ever yet answered any question of the sort.

"Tempted to leave the Church? Thank God, I can answer most truthfully *no*. I entered it from no very good motive—chiefly from disgust of the world, desire for a quiet life; but having entered it, and found such peace as the world never gave, do you think I would turn my back on such duties as lie to my hand because chance has brought me wealth? Tempted to paint again? Yes. Tempted as no one could be who had not loved it as I did; but I had made a vow—a wrong one, I know, but yet not to be lightly broken."

Celia, looking up at him, somehow feels it impossible to say another word. From childhood, fearless of him though she has been in all other ways, instinct, or some forgotten hint from her mother, has made her avoid this one subject. She has ventured further than ever she has done before; but she dare go no further.

In the silence that follows they hear the sound of footsteps at the far end of the gallery, and Celia is a little glad of the interruption.

"That is Tabitha, I know," she says, without turning her head. "Tabby, couldn't you trust me to remember my dinner? Did you think I was going to forget it again?"

Neither does Trevelyan turn his head until it strikes him that the steps are firmer and lighter than the old nurse's. Then he looks round.

"Carlyon!"

"Yes, it is even I," says a clear, full voice.

Then Celia, turning round too, sees for the first time the face she knows so well from its picture—older by ten years or more; world-worn, with deep lines about the proud, sad eyes, and a half-mocking smile on the lips, but even yet with much of God-given beauty and nobility that all the man's reckless life have not sufficed to efface.

"Trevelyan, your astonishment reproaches me. Am I so great a stranger in my own home that you take me for my own ghost?"

Then as Trevelyan, recovering from his surprise, finds some words to welcome him, he, Adrian Carlyon, turns his eyes on Celia, and rests them there with open admiration,—such a look as he has learned to give as matter of habit to all pretty women, finding few to resent it.

"Won't you introduce me, Trevelyan?" he says, with that smile on his lips. "It is so strange to find anything alive and *young* within these walls that I could almost believe one of my fair ancestresses had tired of the family vaults and come back to youth and life."

There is no help for it. Mrs. Thorold's dying wish may be strong, but fate is stronger. But before Trevelyan can speak Celia takes the words from him.

"I am Celia Thorold," she says simply, looking straight at Adrian Carlyon with her earnest eyes. "You gave Mr. Trevelyan permission to let me copy in your picture-gallery. Had you forgotten?"

Then he smiles in real truth, and Celia, not understanding him, stands half-pained, half-puzzled.

"If you knew what manner of woman I pictured to myself in Trevelyan's 'devoted art-student,'" he explains, "and the difference I find in her, you would not wonder that I smile. For some unknown reason she figured in my mind's eye as an old maid with a hobby—scrag-

gy and ugly. She was not young and — like you."

Somehow, the flattery that he had intended dies on his tongue, as all flatteries do in the presence of Celia's earnest simplicity.

"I *am* young," she answers, "but I shall be twenty very soon, and, indeed, I do not only play at painting — it is my work, and if you knew how very, very much service your kindness has been to me you would not regret it."

"Do not lament over your youth, Celia," says Trevelyan, coming to the rescue; "time enough to do that when it is gone; and Mr. Carlyon shall see that you have done some good work, in spite of it. See, what do you think of this, Carlyon? It is but a copy, but a good one, I fancy," and he turns Celia's picture to the light.

Carlyon, beginning to understand something of the girl's real earnestness of purpose, and that she is not quite as the other young women of his ken are, looks at it, silently and critically.

"Though you are young, and a woman," he says at length, turning with real kindness to Celia, "you can do that which puts many so-called artists to shame, and we dabbles in art, dilettantes, who think ourselves tolerable art-critics, would be proud to own such talent. You have been fortunate in your master."

In his heart he thinks there is, probably, more of the master's than the pupil's handiwork before him. But he will not pain her by saying so.

"Yes, indeed," says Celia, turning grateful eyes on Trevelyan. "But for him I should be ignorant indeed."

"Then you have taken to the brush again, Trevelyan?" says Carlyon, carelessly, throwing himself in the window-seat. "Will you have me for a pupil also? Give me any interest to keep me here and I will bless you indeed. Do you believe in ghosts, Miss Thorold? No, you can have no regrets, no remorse in your life. My ghosts always drive me away from here — the house is full of them."

"Exorcise them," says Trevelyan kindly, while Celia looks at him with sweet, pitiful eyes. "Fill the house with light and life. You are not used to a lonely life — why do you not bring your friends with you?"

"Because to bring my friends — so called — would be to bring the very life I have fled from. I am weary of the everlasting round of follies, excitements, dissipation — sick to the very soul. I know

that I can't live without them, but I want for a little while to believe that I can."

Then, suddenly perceiving that Celia has gathered all her paints and brushes into a tidy little heap, cleaned her palette, and is preparing to cover her picture, he starts up in real earnestness.

"What are you doing? Am I driving you away? Trevelyan, speak for me — if I could believe that, then I should go back to town. Do not go, Miss Thorold. If you knew how great a relief it was to me to see two living creatures who were not old women when I came here to-day, you would not run away from me as if I were the plague."

"Celia has profited so much by your kindness during your absence, that there is no need she should trouble you while you are at home," says Trevelyan, somewhat stiffly. "The weather is now so fine, that we may begin our lessons out-of-doors."

"But, at least, she would have finished the copy she was doing. Promise me" (turning to Celia) "that you will not let me drive you away. Surely" (with a smile) "the house is large enough for us both. I will not even come into the picture-gallery if my presence will worry you. I need never know that you are here, unless you please."

"That is true," says Celia, in her simple, straightforward way.

"Then you will come — that is settled."

"You are very good to me," she answers, looking up with her grave, sweet smile.

And Trevelyan, standing by, realizes, as he has never done before, the charm of voice and manner that makes Adrian Carlyon's faults more lovable than another man's virtues. Celia's smile, innocent of all coquetry though it be, gives him such a bitter heart-pang as he has not felt for many a year. He sees, as he has never seen before, how beautiful a woman his child-charge has become. In that moment the peaceful security of his life is broken up forever.

"It is time for your dinner, Celia," he says abruptly. "Tabitha will be wondering what has happened to you."

They go with her to the terrace — there they part. Carlyon, leaning on the stone-work, stands watching the girl's figure as with firm, free steps, altogether unembarrassed or self-conscious, she goes along the path.

"What a beautiful creature!" he says when she is out of sight. "No town-bred woman could have walked like that;

she would have minced and ambled as she went. With a shade less simplicity, and a spice of devilry in those great eyes, she would be perfect. Where does she come from, Trevelyan? Do they grow them like that down here?"

"She is a Miss Thorold, as she told you," answers Trevelyan curtly. "She is an orphan, poor, and my charge."

He is inwardly struggling with a rage which he himself knows to be altogether unreasonable at the lightness of the other's tone, and almost against his will there is an accent on that possessive pronoun.

"Poor child! Well, her face will be her fortune, without doubt."

And then remembering that it is lunch-time, and that he is hungry, he turns into the house, and straightway forgets all about her.

"I wonder what old Browning can do at a moment's notice? She can make an omelette, I know, and there are sure to be eggs, and with a bottle of that Chateau Lafitte one cannot starve," he muses. "Lafarge will be down to-morrow, but I came off on the whim of a moment and left him to follow. You should have seen his face when I gave the order."

Then Trevelyan, remembering himself, proffers the hospitalities of his house with all the kindly warmth that is natural to him.

"If you will give me some dinner, my dear fellow, it will be a charity," Adrian makes answer, with an appreciative remembrance of the vicarage cook. "But for lunch I will take my luck at home. I must see to things, and it will have something the zest of a picnic."

It is only as Trevelyan makes his way home alone that he remembers with a sudden regret of which he is ashamed that that is one of the evenings which Celia always spends with his mother.

### III.

WHEN the dinner-hour comes, Trevelyan, leaving his books, goes down the garden-path bareheaded, to meet his guest.

To the house much has been done since the reign of this John Trevelyan, vicar. All manner of modern improvements have been made, and money not spared in the making, until it is a more luxurious house in a small way than any of the neighboring mansions of the many-acred squires in their large way. But in the garden nothing has been altered: it is still in the fashion that he found it—the fashion of many centuries back; but for

all that there is none sweeter in all the county. Carlyon lingers in it admiringly.

"With all our landscape gardening and ribbon-planting, our new-fangled plants and trim lawns, we cannot rival these old-world gardens," he says, as he walks by Trevelyan's side to the house.

And then his eyes, wandering, light on two figures going slowly up a distant path, one old and bowed, the other young and lithe, tall and stately. Trevelyan notes them too with something of a flush on his dark face.

"You must excuse my mother's presence at dinner. Since she quite lost her sight she always dines alone, generally early. I hope we may be able to see her after."

"And Miss Thorold? Does she go dinnerless also?"

"Miss Thorold comes to keep my mother company," is the answer, in a tone that represses further curiosity.

But at dinner the host is as genial and pleasant as need be. There is no cheerier dispenser of the good things where-with the gods have blessed him than John Trevelyan, no better company when so it pleases him.

If he lingers somewhat longer over the wine than he is wont to do, Adrian Carlyon is not inclined to find fault with him. He can have the society of women any day, and has too much of it to desire it very hotly; but such wines as these which John Trevelyan inherited with his money cannot be had every day for love, or the greater god—money.

The evening is so fair and bright it tempts them on to the terrace with their cigars, but there is just so much of the lingering remembrance of winter in the air as to make the gleam of firelight from a window on the terrace seem bright and cheerful. They pause in their walk to look in at a window which stands partly open, though the fire sparkles and glimmers within. Lamplight is shining golden on a young girl's fair, bent head, shining silver on a pretty little old woman's reposing head—the picture is seductive enough to tempt a man to forego his cigar. Carlyon, suddenly remembering his duties to the mistress of the house, throws his aside, and with the easy assurance natural to him makes his way into the room, and a third at the fireside scene.

But Trevelyan stays outside, pacing up and down. Now and again he glances in at the window. His eyes rest lovingly on the little golden head he knows so well,



Never has she seemed so fair to him as now, never has the gulf between her nineteen and his forty years seemed so great. He has watched her beauty ripening—much as he might have watched the growth of a flower in his garden; not blind to it by any means—on the contrary, with the perfect appreciation of every grace of form and color only possible to a man who, partly from nature, partly from artistic training and habit, places the highest value on the gift of beauty. He has loved the child tenderly and steadily, with a love growing with her growth, very gradual, very true, but never have his pulses quickened for her, never has his heart beat for her, with the passion-stirred restlessness of the fond-foolish fever men call love.

Lulled by the peaceful security of the monotonous years in which the child has been all his own, as shut out from other men's notice as any little cloistered maiden, he has not realized that the face which is so fair to him is fair enough to attract other men's notice.

Passing the lamplit window and seeing them smiling and happy, altogether forgetful of his absence, he feels with a bitter heart-pang, which is none the less bitter because he knows it to be altogether unreasonable, that he is an outsider, shut out from the light and love that grace other men's lives. Love is never reasonable, and this new love, cruel and bitter, because hopeless, tearing afresh the heart where he thought love lay dead, is very far from reason. He notes how Adrian's eyes turn ever and again to the girl's face, lingering there with an open admiration very patent to him, the onlooker. He cannot see the girl's answering look—her face is half turned from him—but almost he can guess it.

There seems no gulf of years between these two. The lamplight glistening on Carlyon's fair, short hair shows no white threads; the face, with its straight nose, curved lips, and tender eyes is beautiful enough to match Celia's—but his own face, with the lines of thought and sorrow scored deep round the sad grey eyes, its grizzled locks, its premature age, could find no beauty but in the eyes of a woman whom love had made tender.

He turns away with something like a groan. He has no sort of grudge against Adrian Carlyon. He, with his bright face and unstable nature, he, who will be here to-day and gone to-morrow, is but the medium who has made it clear to him that when he cried peace there has

been no peace, that the child whom he had thought to have and to hold in his tender keeping for an indefinite time is his no longer—he cannot hope to hold her against any chance new-comer.

All his heart cries out against this new knowledge. He has loved her so well, he has watched over and cared for her, giving her the best that he has to give, his time and his thoughts, and she is a child no longer—therefore his no longer.

There is none to note the added sadness of his grave face as he goes in and takes his place in their midst. If he be silent—that is no new thing; he is often so. Even the old mother is so brightened and amused by the new-comer, with his tidings of the outer world, that she forgets to listen for the kind and tender voice that is always at her bidding in hours of pain and lonesome darkness.

It is he, Trevelyan, who is forced at last, much against his will, to remind Celia of how the hours, never tarrying for new loves or old, are speeding on. When she starts up, with a little naïve exclamation of wondering surprise to see how far the golden hands have travelled over the clock's china face, both the men smile, Adrian mischievously, Trevelyan sadly.

"Do not hurry away," he says, as Carlyon follows him out into the porch, where he is waiting, as he has waited so many bygone nights, while Celia puts on hat and cloak. "I must see her home, her old servant will be waiting up for her; but I will be back directly, and we will have another cigar."

"Don't tempt me," Carlyon answers, with a glance at the little grey-clad figure coming towards them. "I have so far fallen in love with the country that I mean to give it a fair trial, and see whether any amount of early hours, beauty-sleep, and bread and butter will restore my lost beauty and innocence."

And so they go out together. It is not dark now, the moon has burst through the overshadowing clouds, and is shedding her pale, cold light on all the sleeping earth, on the prim borders, the quaint old paths of the vicarage garden, on the moss-grown lanes and the tiny, tender leaflets of the fragrant hedgerows.

It is so still—so still; only here and there a wakeful bird chirping drowsily to his mate. Insensibly they drop their voices, tuning them to nature's great silence. And Carlyon, though he talks to Trevelyan, looks at Celia. The girl is very fair, and he, spite of the world and himself, is a young man yet.

By the garden gate, where the big thorn-tree drops scented petals on to the dew-wet grasses, they say "Good-bye;" and Carlyon, holding her hand with a lingering touch that Trevelyan in all the years that he has known her has never permitted to himself, looks long and tenderly into the lustrous, earnest eyes that shine from under the drooping hat.

And for the first time in her young life Celia's eyes drop consciously, while a little tender flush, born of some strange new feeling that she does not understand, spreads over the pallor of her face. And Trevelyan sees it. It is faint as a rose-blush, passing as a thought, but the moonlight, with cold, cruel candor, falling full on the girl's uplifted face, shows it to him.

And then she goes from them without another look or word.

And Carlyon, lighting the cigar which for Celia's sake he has foregone, even before the echoes of her footsteps die away, begins to talk with innocent friendliness of other things—things in which Celia has neither part nor parcel. To say that he is unconscious of any offence in having held Celia's hand, looked into Celia's eyes, and ministered delicate flatteries of words and tones, is to put it weakly. He does not even know that he has done these things.

Celia is pretty enough without doubt, but he holds dozens of pretty hands, looks into dozens of pretty eyes, says dozens of pretty things in the course of a week. It is part of his creed, the duty he owes to his neighbor—if she be a woman. Celia is no more than the rest, a pretty child to be petted and caressed, spoken to softly, looked at tenderly, and then forgotten.

Indeed, it dawns upon Trevelyan, as he listens abstractedly to this man's careless chatter—vague plans as to his own doings, schemes for the renovation of Carlyon, little scandalous stories of the county people's doings in town, interspersed with passing sneers at women, all and sundry—that he has little respect for women of any sort or kind.

And this is the man whom *he* has brought into contact with little unworldly-wise Celia.

Small wonder is it that, as he walks along, hands in pockets, brows knitted, giving curt answers when they are absolutely waited for, his heart sinks within him, and Celia's mother's dying charge to keep her child "unspotted from the world" appeals with a stronger force than ever it has done before. She *is* his

charge; and if he stand by on the other side and let what may happen to her, then it will be he that is to blame.

Moved by a mighty impulse, he suddenly breaks the silence that has enwrapped him, and speaks out.

"There are women and women," he says, in answer to some story of Carlyon's. "There are some, thank God, of whom to speak in the same breath with the women of *your* world—women who ape the manners of a class they affect to despise, and assume vices even if they have them not—would be a profanity."

"Thank God! as you say, if there be any such," says Carlyon, lightly. "But where are they?"

Then Trevelyan, whether wisely or unwisely he knows not, he will never know, makes answer.

"The child we have just left is one of them. It would be difficult for a man even to imagine the absolute innocence and purity of her life and nature. She is poor—poorer than one of your hired servants—yet it would never enter her head to sell herself to the highest bidder as your high-born young women do. She toils harder than your servants, yet she will take no gift of money from my mother, who loves her as her own child. She—this delicate girl—lives her hard and simple life with a perfect courage and patience which we could never emulate. Carlyon, if it pleases you, partly from kindness, partly from that careless dalliance which seems to come natural to men of your class, to take notice of the child while you are here, remember that if you take from her her absolute innocence and content you can give her nothing in their stead—they are all her portion. Your fooling she would take for earnest, never having learned to doubt. There are many who would be glad to speak evil of her, because by her mother's command she has kept aloof from all. She will go to your house as you have asked her, in perfect good faith and innocence—it is for *you* to see that she does not suffer in reputation. I cannot stand between you and her. I cannot mar the purity of her mind by telling her what evil things the world says and thinks."

The intense earnestness of the man's manner checks the half-smile that has risen to Carlyon's lips—carries him away in spite of himself, forces him to be earnest in spite of himself.

"Your charge shall never suffer through any folly of mine," he answers gravely. "The pretty pastime of breaking country

hearts is not one of my vices, that you must grant (even if I were coxcomb enough to suppose such pastime possible). And if it were, the story of this girl's poverty, simplicity, and industry, as you have told it me, would hold her respected by a worse man than I."

Thus far gravely—then his tone lightens.

"She is pretty enough without doubt to tempt a man to the height of folly, and yet—to my shame I confess it—having drunk of strong wines one cannot go back to the milk and water of one's infancy. Having known women of the world—women who, with all their fooleries, trickeries, faithlessness, have the one great gift of being amusing—I have lost my taste for sweet simplicity and childish beauty. It is a vitiated taste—that I own, and one that can find no excuse in your eyes, Trevelyan; but it is *true*. A day, a week spent in the society of a country beauty, who knew nothing, had seen nothing, could talk of nothing, and though she were Venus herself, her beauty would pall on me."

So they part, and Trevelyan, walking homewards, half conscious that he has made a fool of himself, yet with a mind more at rest from anxiety, smiles to himself as he thinks how far Celia, his little, clever, wise Celia, differs from the rustic beauty of Carlyon's imagination.

From Fraser's Magazine.

#### AN IMPRISONED PRINCESS—LEONORA CHRISTINA OF DENMARK.

In this age when dungeons, *lettres de cachet*, and state prisoners are things which seem to belong to an almost legendary past, the records left us by many a royal and illustrious captive of old days have a peculiar fascination. The contrast between our system of model prisons, trial by jury, and the entire publicity of all our judicial proceedings, and the time when there was too often but one step from a throne to a dungeon, is great. Then, the disrowned monarch, the discarded wife or favorite, the defeated pretender, the luckless conspirator, or the purest patriot, might in one dire moment find themselves, not only whirled from their pride of place, but thrust out of sight or touch of friendly hand, where no echo from the outer world could reach them. The self-communings of such victims of fate and arbitrary power must

ever have a deep interest for the student of history and of human hearts. Happy were those among them whose song in the home of their captivity was "Stone walls do not a prison make" and "My mind to me a kingdom is." Wonderful were the courage and patience often exhibited, wonderful too the escapes of which we read. Curious also are the trifles by which men and women in such straits have been enabled to live, and keep their sanity. One loves and tames a rat; to another, a little flower struggling up to the light speaks of a heaven above him; a rusty nail proves the means of escape from one terrible dungeon; while with her own blood the heroic wife of Lafayette traces, on the margins of the few books allowed them, the record of their prison thoughts. As we reckon over those nineteen years of durance which turned the auburn hair of Mary Queen of Scots to silver-white, years so filled with bitter regrets and baffled hopes, the thought of such an expiation may well soften the heart of her sternest judges to her follies and even her crimes.

In the melancholy procession of captives we are inclined to give the palm of courage and endurance to her whose name heads this paper. Others may have suffered as she did, but none have left so full and touching a record of what they endured. We remember another king's daughter indeed who, not a hundred years ago, in her tender youth witnessed in the Temple at Paris both the martyrdom of Marie Antoinette and the unspeakable brutalities of Simon to the dauphin; while she herself almost lost the use of speech from the vow so long and rigidly kept, never to answer the taunts and obscenities of her jailer with a word: before that supreme agony we too are dumb; but of the noble Danish lady the memoirs before us give us much to say which perhaps may be new to many readers.\*

Some ten years ago, Count John Waldstein gave the world a valuable addition to the true romance of history when he put into the hands of the university librarian at Copenhagen, with permission to publish it, the MSS. of his remarkable ancestress, Leonora Christina. Two successive Danish editions were followed by a German one, which attracted so much notice that it has found an English translator, who has published along with it a short introductory memoir, greatly con-

\* *Memoirs of Leonora Christina Ulfeldt*, written during her imprisonment in the Blue Tower of Copenhagen, 1663-1685. Translated by F. E. Bunnett.

densed from that of Ziegler, which relates many romantic but quite unproved incidents in the early career of Leonora and her husband, Corfitz Ulfeldt. As frontispiece to the volume there is a good engraving from Leonora's portrait at Rosenberg. The German edition gives besides one of Corfitz, in whose physiognomy we seem to read the rash and reckless character of the man; also a very curious picture of the whole family of the chancellor Ulfeldt seated at table in a fine banquetting-hall—father, mother, eleven sons (Corfitz among them), six daughters, and their poodle, who fills a chair with proper gravity. The originals of these engravings are in the possession of the Waldsteins, who descend in the female line from Leonora and Corfitz Ulfeldt. Leonora's autobiography is in two parts. The first is in the form of a letter to her old tutor, Dr. Otto Sperling, and in this, in contrast to the style of her prison diary, she speaks of herself in the third person. The "*Tammer Minde*," or "Record of Suffering," is the journal written in the Blue Tower, and is addressed to her children.

Our heroine was the daughter of Denmark's greatest monarch, Christian IV., by a morganatic marriage contracted a few years after the death of his royal consort, Anna of Brandenburg, who had already given him heirs to the throne. To visitors of Denmark, Christian IV. appears still the greatest fact in her history. He has left imperishable memorials in the stately Gothic palaces he reared, as well as in the hearts of a people whom he often led to victory, and ever ruled magnanimously. He certainly built right royally: the castle of Kronborg at Elsinore, the splendid towers of Friedericksborg, the palace of Rosenberg in Copenhagen, and the noble Exchange there, with its unique dragon tower—all attest his magnificence, while the Danish artists of to-day still make his feats in arms the favorite subject of their brush. In the largest chapel of the cathedral at Roskilde, where his coffin, crown, and sword are laid beside all the dead majesty of Denmark, we see him depicted in the frescoes; in many aspects truly ever an heroic figure, though misfortune overshadowed his later years; for the part he took in the Thirty Years' War was disastrous, his eldest son died before him, and the woman he loved proved untrue to him. Kirstine Munk, the lady he espoused morganatically, and whose portrait now hangs in the small room at Rosen-

berg in which her royal lover breathed his last, was of noble family. She had, we see, a very fair skin, delicate features, an abundance of golden red hair, and those excessively pale eyes which in a woman are sometimes counted a danger signal. King Christian must have loved her tenderly. Many a trinket bearing their initials remains in this treasury of dead kings and queens to show it. Especially there is one toy, a marvel of jewellers' work, that was his royal gift to Kirstine—a tiny spoon, one clear sapphire mounted in enamels, fit for a fairy to sup nectar with. She bore him five or six children, of whom Leonora was the second; then her fancy wandered to younger gallants. She betrayed his State secrets and himself, and when the last of her children was born, in 1629, King Christian refused to acknowledge it as his, and banished the faithless woman to Jutland. His children remained, brought up on a footing of equality with those of the late queen; and Leonora, who early showed great talent, united to remarkable beauty, became her father's favorite.

In the autobiography, Leonora tells us of a childish predilection she had for a boy of twelve, the son of Count Ernest of Nassau, to whose care she had been entrusted during the war with Germany. They called each other husband and wife, till Leonora sickened with the small-pox. Her young sweetheart gained permission to see her, and died a few days after, either of the disease caught from her, or, some say, of the shock caused by her altered appearance during the malady. At the peace of Lubeck she was recalled to her father's court, and betrothed, at the early age of eleven, to Count Corfitz Ulfeldt, the seventh son of the chancellor Ulfeldt. When she was about twelve, the Duke of Saxony came to Copenhagen to ask her hand in marriage; but, though a good deal of persuasion was used, she remained fixed in her determination to wed none but her betrothed, poor in this world's goods though he was. At fifteen, in the year 1636, her nuptials were celebrated with a splendor almost equal to the ceremonies of two years earlier, when the crown prince Christian married Princess Magdalen Sybille. The king must have bestowed on her very costly jewels, for a few months later, with characteristic devotion, she sold them for a sum equivalent to 7,000*l.*, to pay the debts which she ascertained her husband had already contracted during his life as a penniless courtier. Such was not long to be his

condition, for he had undoubted talents and great ambition, and the royal favor soon procured him lucrative offices, and a brilliant position at court and in the diplomatic service. And here we may let Leonora describe her early married years in her own words, always bearing in mind that, as we said above, she speaks of herself as if she were writing the life of another.

There would be no end were I to tell you all the mischances that befell her during the happy period of her marriage, and of all the small contrarities which she endured. Those who were envious of the good fortune of our lady could not bear that she should lead a tranquil life, nor that she should be held in esteem by her father and king; I may call him this, for the king conferred on her more honor than was due from him to her. Her husband loved and honored her, enacting the lover more than the husband. She spent her time in shooting, riding, tennis, in learning drawing in good earnest, in playing the viol, the flute, the guitar, and she enjoyed a happy life. She knew well that jealousy is a plague, and that it injures the mind that harbors it. Her relations tried to infuse into her head that her husband loved elsewhere. Especially Madame Elizabet and, subsequently, Anna, sister of her husband, tried to excite her jealousy. Our lady at first said nothing and only smiled; then begged M. Elizabet to be wise enough not to interfere with matters in which she was not concerned, and if she heard others mention it (as our lady had reason to believe that this was her own invention), that she would give them a reprimand. . . . The love borne to our lady by her husband made him tell her all, and he went but rarely afterwards to his sister's apartments; but our lady betrayed nothing of the matter, visited her more than before, caressed this lady more than any other, even made her considerable presents. Anna remained in her house as long as she lived. . . . In speaking to you of the occupation of our lady after she had reached the age of twenty-one, I must tell you she had a great desire to learn Latin. She had a very excellent teacher (your father), who taught her for friendship as well as with good-will.

In 1646 she went with her husband to the Hague, and subsequently on a mission to Paris, to the court of Anne of Austria, where we learn from Madame Lamotte's memoirs her beauty and stately bearing made a great impression. But reverses were not far off.

At first, indeed, the death of Christian IV. (Feb. 28, 1648) gave Ulfeldt—who has been called the Oxenstiern of Denmark—the opportunity of exercising immense power. The Danish monarchy was then elective, and the power to elect was in the Council of the Realm, or vir-

tually in the hands of the nobility. In his lifetime, the great monarch had obtained the appointment of his eldest son, Prince Christian, as his successor; but unfortunately that prince's early death occurred a short time before his father's, so in February 1648 the throne was vacant, and remained so for some months. Ulfeldt, as lord high steward, was president of the regency, and nearly all-powerful in regard to the election, which he apparently took no means to hasten. Some have thought he meditated supporting Count Valdemar, Leonora's own brother, as a candidate; at any rate, during the interregnum he obtained the passing of a decree in council, which conferred on all Kirstine Munk's children equal rank and honors with the princes of the blood royal. And on the election of Frederick III., the late king's second son, he made use of his position to extort from him a more complete surrender of power to the nobles of the realm than any sovereign had previously submitted to. He also advanced the money necessary for the expenses of the coronation: humiliations which were bitterly felt and resented by the new monarch, but still more by his haughty consort, Sophia Amalia, the declared rival and enemy of Leonora Christina. At the coronation banquet Frederick III. used these ominous words: "Corfitz, you have to-day bound my hands; who can say who shall bind yours?" It was not long before the hostility of the new court to the powerful subject was openly shown, by the refusal to accord to his wife and the other children of Kirstine Munk the honors hitherto paid them. Next, information was received by the queen, from a certain disreputable widow named Dina Vin-hower, that Ulfeldt and his wife intended to poison the king and queen. It is true that a judicial investigation, demanded by Ulfeldt, resulted in Dina being condemned to death for perjury, and her prompter in the plot, a Colonel Walter, was sent into exile. Nevertheless, in the conflict of statements at the trial, his enemies contrived that some suspicion of guilt should still attach to Ulfeldt, who was injudicious in his defence. He felt that their ruin was but too certain if they remained in Copenhagen, and having placed abroad the most of the fortune which he had amassed, they secretly left the capital, Leonora disguised as his valet. The manner of his departure was impolitic, for as he had not resigned any of his high offices, or given any account



of his administration, flight could be construed into a desire to avoid all investigation. He was summoned to the Diet, and, on his non-appearance, was deprived of all his offices, and his landed estates confiscated. It is proved from authentic sources that at the court of Sweden, where they were first received by Queen Christina, Ulfeldt subsequently used every effort to stir up enmity against Denmark, and succeeded only too well. Of such policy on his part, Leonora in the autobiography tells us nothing; probably she was even ignorant of it; nor does she dwell on the incidents of the war between the two countries, declared on June 1, 1657, by Charles X., the successor to whom Christina had resigned her throne. This first contest resulted in victory to the Swedish arms, and the Danes had to accept a peace, dictated within two days' march of Copenhagen, by which Denmark surrendered all her provinces east of the Sound. On the Swedish side the negotiations were conducted by Ulfeldt, who exacted for himself freedom to live in Denmark, and an indemnity for all the income lost by his flight in 1651. The king of Sweden too gave him estates in the newly acquired provinces, and he took up his residence at Malmö, opposite Copenhagen. Leonora shall relate the next incident in their chequered existence.

Just as our lady was thinking of passing some days in tranquillity, occupied in light study, in trifling work, distillations, confectionery, and such like things, her husband mixed himself in the wars. The king of Sweden sent after him to Stettin; he told his wife he would have nothing to do with them. He did not keep his word, however, but went straight off to the king. She knew he was not provided with anything: she saw the danger to which he was exposed, and she wished to share it. She equipped herself in haste, and without his sending for her went to join him at Ottensen. . . . When her husband passed with the king to Seeland, she remained in Fyen. The day following a post arrived with news that her mother was at the point of death, and wished to speak with her. She posted to Jutland, found madame very ill, with no hope of life. She had only been there one night when her husband sent a messenger to say, if she wished to see him alive, she must lose no time. Our lady herself was ill; she had to leave her mother already half dead; she had to take her last farewell in great sorrow, and to go with great speed to see her husband, who was very ill at Malmö. Two days afterwards she received the news of her mother's death, and, as soon as her husband's health permitted it, she returned to Jutland for the

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funeral, and revisited Malmö one day before the king of Sweden began the war for the second time.

Presently there was a rising in the recently acquired provinces in which were Ulfeldt's new estates. He fell under suspicion of fomenting the insurrection; for, as the tide of fortune was this time inclining in favor of the Danes, it was supposed that he contemplated making his own terms at Copenhagen, bringing back the lost provinces in his hand as a peace-offering. There is no proof of it, but the king of Sweden ordered his arrest. Grief and irritation brought on the unfortunate Ulfeldt a fit of apoplexy, and for many weeks, during which a commission was sent to try him, he was speechless from its effects, and Leonora, who had insisted on sharing his imprisonment, acted as his brave and ready-witted counsel. There was no sentence pronounced, but they remained under arrest till the king died in 1660, and peace with Denmark was declared. Her husband had partially recovered, and, hearing that a ship was ready to take them over the Sound, she managed their escape, in spite of thirty-six guards who surrounded the house. It was, however, but to exchange a Swedish for a Danish prison. They were seized by Frederick's orders and conveyed to the Castle of Hammerhus under the charge of Governor Fos. The picture given by Leonora of this official is a terrific one; at one time false and cringing, endeavoring to extort promises of money from them, at others brutal and furious as a madman, he subjected them to every privation and insult. They passed a miserable autumn and winter. "They had," says the brave woman,

to endure it in patience, but as they perceived that Fos' design was that they should die of hunger, they resolved to hazard an escape as soon as the thaw should set in. Our lady, who had three pairs of sheets sent her by her children, undid some articles of clothing, and with them made ropes. When the moon was favorable to them in the month of April, they wished to carry out the plan they had been projecting for so long a time. Our lady was the first to make the descent. The height was seventy-two feet. She went on to the ravelin to await the others. Some time elapsed before her husband came, so she returned, and heard a great noise among the ropes, her husband having lost a shoe in his descent. They had still to wait for the valet: he had forgotten the cord, and said he could not carry it with him.

From the ramparts to the moat they had

yet one hundred and seventy feet to descend, but this was also accomplished. Then a quarter of a league to the place where the boats lay.

Her husband, wearied out, could not walk, and begged her, for the love of God, to leave him where he was; he was ready to die. She consoled him, gave him restoratives, and told him he had but a little step to make. She told him she would never leave him in the hands of this tyrant.

They had scarcely struggled on as far as the shore when day broke and the patrol gave the alarm. Wet and wearied they were conducted back to their tormentor, who had them secured in a safer place where they remained for thirteen weeks, till the harsh order came from the court to separate them. After this ordeal had lasted nearly six months, an emissary authorized to promise them liberty on condition that both husband and wife would sign away all their possessions, came from the king. At first, for their children's sake, they refused; but, on being plainly shown that the children would equally suffer the confiscation of all if they died in prison, they signed and were liberated. They spent that Christmas in Copenhagen, at the house of Count Kantzow, and then went to the estate of Ellensborg, in Fyen, which was still left to them. Ulfeldt, in his "Apology," states that when he asked his wife through the window whether they ought to sign and live, rather than die in prison, Leonora answered with the following Latin verses:—

*Rebus in adversis facile est contemnere mortem.*

*Fortius ille facit, qui miser esse potest.*

*Accidit in puncto, quod non speratur in anno.*

In 1662 they obtained permission to travel for Ulfeldt's health, and then the restless genius of the man, and the thirst for revenge which now possessed him, led him to intrigue in every place he visited to raise up enemies against his native country. He had, in the days of his affluence, thought to buy powerful friends by lending large sums of money, and among others to whom he had advanced a very considerable amount was Charles II. of England, previous to the Restoration. In the spring of 1663, anxious to recover this, he urged his wife to undertake a journey to the English court. She was very unwilling, being certain that the errand would prove a fruitless one. But her husband insisted, and she took leave of him on May 24 with sorrowful forebodings. It was, indeed, had they but known

it, their last farewell. Charles II. received her with abundance of courtesy and fair promises, but during her short stay in England the elector of Brandenburg had given information to the Danish government of the plots of Ulfeldt, who was by the High Court of Appeal in Copenhagen sentenced to the death of a traitor, and a large reward offered for his apprehension. Through the Danish minister in London the English monarch was requested to assist in the capture of his wife, which was secretly done by Charles, only too glad to get so easily rid of his creditor, and at the same time to oblige a friendly power. Poor Leonora's indignant account of the treachery practised upon her is confirmed by a reference to our own calendar of State papers (Domestic Series) for 1663-64.\* She landed at Copenhagen a prisoner of state on August 8, 1663, when her imprisonment of twenty-two years in the Blue Tower commenced. She was considered an accomplice in the treason of her husband, but on account of her royal blood her life was spared. Ulfeldt, meanwhile, wandering about a wretched outcast, died in the following February, from exposure to cold in a nocturnal flight, near Basle, and was buried in a nameless grave. On that grave no one would dare to write the word patriot. Reviewing his career, we fear the verdict must be that he had no pursuit save self-advancement and, latterly, revenge; and in pursuit of both these ignoble ends he was at once bold and unscrupulous. It is evident that the strength of Leonora's attachment to him blinded her to the true nature of his conduct. He had succeeded in enlisting in his favor all the passionate energy of her faithful character. She looked on him as an unjustly persecuted man, and posterity, while it condemns him, can feel sympathy and admiration for her. Public indignation ran very high against him in Copenhagen, where the ceremony of beheading and quartering was performed on his effigy; his palace was demolished, and a pillar of sandstone erected on its site as a monument of his crimes. Most of his family found refuge in Vienna, and his eldest son Corfitz rose to high office in

\* We find also in the contemporary literature of the day, in the *Chevalier de la Sorbière's* narrative of his voyage to England, that landing at Dover he had, he tells his correspondent, the happy chance of meeting a heroine. "But I saw her," he says, "in a place where I was very sorry to meet with her, for it was in the castle where she was confined, and from whence she was transported to Denmark: in which country she suffered hardships unworthy of her sex and birth with an heroic courage."

Maria Theresa's court. Christian, the son who had avenged the insults of Governor Fos to his parents, by killing him in the streets of Bruges, became a Roman Catholic and died an *abbé*. The eldest daughter married Cassetta, a Spanish noble, and two others became wives in the two great Austrian houses of Waldstein and Thun. It is, perhaps, not out of place to notice here the fact that the wars instigated against Denmark by the exiled Ulfeldt, with the intention of humbling the king, were the means of bringing about the absolute sovereignty of Frederick III., who, with his queen, had gained great popularity by their defence of Copenhagen. With the assistance of the other orders of the people, disaffected towards the overweening power of the aristocracy, they succeeded in actually changing the form of government. The royal power was declared absolute and hereditary, and a new era in the history of Denmark was inaugurated when the oath of fealty was sworn before the Exchange in Copenhagen on October 18, 1660. After this, instead of the open crown, we find in the regalia of Denmark the later crown with closed curvatures, bearing on its summit the cross and globe which denoted absolute power. And absolutism continued practically to be the rule through all the succeeding reigns, till the Constitution, granted by the late King Frederick VII. in 1848, gave scope for the exercise of more modern theories of good government.

The memoir of Leonora Christina, from which we have hitherto quoted, breaks off at the date of her imprisonment in the Blue Tower, and we shall now resume her story in extracts from the "Record of Suffering," with its solemn and touching preface, addressed to her children in the eleventh year of her captivity and the fifty-third of her age. She tells her children that her two reasons for giving them this diary are that she may declare to them God's great goodness to her, and her own innocence. "Never," says she,

has God laid a burden on me without at the same time giving me strength in proportion, so that the burden has not overwhelmed or crushed me. He has strengthened me, comforted me, and often even cheered me. God has indeed done wonderful things for me, for it is more than inconceivable that I should have been able to survive the great misfortunes that have befallen me, and at the same time retain my reason and understanding. It is a matter of the greatest wonder that my limbs are not distorted from lying and sitting; that my eyes are not dim and even wholly blind from weep-

ing. To God alone be the honor. The other cause that impels me (to write) is the consolation it will be to you, my dear children, to be assured that I suffer innocently; that nothing whatever has been imputed to me, nor have I been accused of anything for which you, my dear children, should blush or cast down your eyes in shame. I suffer for having loved a virtuous lord and husband, and for not having abandoned him in misfortune. I was suspected of being privy to an act of treason, for which he was never prosecuted according to law, much less convicted of it; and the cause of the accusation was never explained to me, humbly and sorrowfully though I desired that it should be. Let it be your consolation that I never committed a dishonorable act.

To deep and earnest piety, and a naturally courageous spirit, our heroine was able to add the consolations of philosophy; and, quoting a well-known saying of Epictetus, that all things have two handles by which they can be raised, the one bearable, the other unbearable, she proceeds with her narrative from the moment at which the vessel in which she was carried off from Dover reached Copenhagen. Lieutenant-Colonel Rosenkrantz, with a party of musketeers, at once came on board. The colonel did not salute the lady, but the major, walking up and down the deck before her, dropped the remark in her hearing, "*Bonne mine à mauvais jeu.*" An hour later the commandant of the town arrived, desired her to give up all her papers, indulged in a series of impertinent pleasantries, and then asked her to come ashore in a small boat which landed her at a little pier near the castle. The old castle or palace of Christiansborg exists no longer; it was destroyed by fire, and no stone remains of the walls that for so many years heard the sorrowful sighing of the prisoner. As she was led there, she saw a vast crowd assembled, and among them she spied one well-known and malicious face, that of Brigitte Ulfeldt, her sister-in-law, exhibiting great glee and laughing loudly. The governor of the prison, Jockum Wallburger, stood on the bridge, which led over the moat, to receive her. At the gate of the Blue Tower her personal attendant was turned back, and she was shown into the cell for malefactors known as the "dark church," from which three peasants had that morning been removed, leaving it in a most filthy condition.

Very soon the prime minister Kantzow, the chancellor, and the secretary, visited her to interrogate her closely as to her knowledge of her husband's movements

and intentions, the names of his associates and correspondents, and her own. Her replies were frank, and she promised to answer any question put by order of the king, begging that the severity of her imprisonment might be mitigated. The ministers of State treated her with politeness and retired, to be followed by emissaries from the queen, whose behavior was very different. The mistress of the robes and a bed-chamber woman, accompanied by a certain Abel Catherina, wife of a clerk, next appeared, bearing a suit of clothes which the prisoner was desired to substitute for her own.

I answered, "In God's name." Then they removed the pad from my head, in which I had sewn up rings and many loose diamonds. They demanded my bracelets and rings. I took them off and gave them to them, with the exception of one small ring, not worth a rix-dollar: this I begged to be allowed to keep. "No," said the mistress of the robes, "you are to retain nothing." Abel Catherina said, "We are strictly forbidden to leave you the smallest thing: I have been obliged to swear upon my soul to the queen that I would search you thoroughly." "Good, good; in God's name," I answered. She drew off all my clothes. In my petticoat I had concealed some ducats under the broad gold lace; in the foot of my stocking there were some Jacobuses, and there were sapphires in my shoes. She stripped me entirely and searched my person thoroughly. I said to her, "You act to me in an unchristian and unbecoming manner." Abel Catherina answered, "We are only servants, and must do as we were ordered." After they had thus despoiled me, they put on me the clothes they had brought. The mistress of the robes was very severe: they could not search thoroughly enough for her. She laughed at me several times.

In this horrible cell were placed with her, by the queen's orders, two women, who under the guise of attendants were in truth spies, but one almost half-witted girl, Karen Blochs, showed her kindness. The prison governor gave his company likewise far oftener than she desired it, and his loose talk with these women in her presence was an intolerable aggravation. On August 10 commenced a series of interrogatories by the ministers of State, extending over several days, and lasting for several hours each day; and in the intervals of their visits the prison governor and the woman Catherina perpetually tried to inveigle the poor harassed lady into some admission of her husband's guilt and her own. These attempts she foiled by a dignified silence, while to the adjuration of the chancellor, if she were

an accomplice of her husband's treason, to confess the real truth, her reply was —

that I was not aware that I had done anything which could render me suspected; and I called God to witness that I knew of no treason, and therefore I could mention no names. Had my husband entertained so evil a design I believe surely he would have told me; but I can swear with a good conscience, before God in heaven, that I never heard him wish evil to the king, and I fully believe that this has been falsely invented by his enemies. Then the chancellor said, "There is nothing further to do now than to let you know what sort of a husband you have, and to let you hear his sentence." Count Kantzow ordered a paper to be read, which was to the effect that Corfitz, formerly Count Ulfeldt, had offered the kingdom of Denmark to a foreign sovereign; and had told the same sovereign that he had ecclesiastical and lay magnates on his side, so that it was easy for him to procure the crown of Denmark for the before-mentioned sovereign. Another paper was the defence of the clergy, in which they protested that they had had no communication with Corfitz, who had made them no offers of participation in his evil designs. The burgomaster and council of Copenhagen said the same. Next followed the reading of the unprecedented and illegal sentence which had been passed on my lord. No documents were brought forward upon which the sentence had been given: there was no other foundation than mere words. When the sentence had been read every one can imagine what I felt; but few or none can conceive how I was not stifled by the unexpected misery. I could not utter a word for weeping. . . . This painful visit had lasted four hours. They went away leaving me full of anxiety, sighing and weeping; a sad and miserable captive woman.

A few days later she was removed from the first cell to an adjoining room in the Blue Tower: a chamber seven paces long by six wide, eighteen feet high, with a vaulted ceiling, and very high up, a window two feet square, with thick iron bars covered with wire-work. This room she occupied till 1670, and here for some weeks she sickened and prayed to die; but health, courage, and submission all returned, and she began to feel more at peace, and to speak to the woman now in charge of her, whose heart seemed to be softened towards her. She remained in bed as the season advanced on account of the cold; for it was not till after New Year that any stove was placed in her room. Sometimes Karen managed to bring her a little silk, and a piece of cloth to embroider; sometimes she brought her news from the outer world, and once contrived to send a letter for her to her children across the Sound. One October

day the princess Sophia was betrothed to the elector of Saxony, and the noise of the kettledrums and trumpets penetrated to the ears of her who had often borne a part in courtly pageants, but who on that day had to fast till evening, because the palace scullions were too busy to send up her usual meal. Another morning her chamber door was thrown wide open by command of the queen, that she might see the effigy of her husband borne along to the square, where it was to suffer mutilation and be burnt by the hands of the executioner. A terrible sight to a loving wife, who did not know then, or for many a day after, whether the man yet lived or not. It was in March of the following year that the governor jestingly informed Leonora that she was a widow, and allowed her to see a newspaper which confirmed his words.

I did not say much about it, but lay silently, hoping that it might be so, and that my husband had escaped his enemies by death; and I thought with the greatest astonishment that I should have lived to see the day when I should wish my lord dead.

We have not space for many more extracts, graphic though the style is in which the prisoner describes the conduct of her attendants, their bickerings and gossipings, and the changes which take place among them as the years drag their slow length along. She contrived to make occupation for herself by drawing with a piece of chalk, composing hymns, ravelling out her silk stockings for material to embroider with, or modelling in clay which the potter who had fixed her stove had left behind him. The old governor before he died even became her friend, and vainly tried to petition the king in her favor, but the queen invariably set her face against any relaxation towards one whom she hated with an unrelenting hate. On February 9, 1670, the tolling of the palace bell announced to her that King Frederick III. had expired. The manner of her jailer, even less respectful than before, soon showed her that she need not hope for liberty from this event, though later in the year, when the queen dowager had left the castle, the new chaplain, Moth, who at Leonora's earnest request had been appointed her confessor, obtained from Christian V. more than one alleviation of her sufferings. She was given a much better apartment and a grant of money to purchase clothes and books. In the following year the young queen's mother, the landgra-

vine of Hesse, paid a visit *incognito*, gave the captive lady much sympathy, and quitted her with the words, "*Croyez-moi je ferais mon possible.*"

The virtuous landgravine kept her word but could effect nothing. When her Majesty the queen was in the perils of childbirth she went to the king, and obtained from him a solemn promise that if the queen gave birth to a son I should receive my liberty. On October 11, in the night, between one and two o'clock, God delivered her Majesty in safety of our crown prince. When all were rejoicing, the landgravine said, "Oh, will not the captive rejoice?" The queen dowager inquired, "Why?" The landgravine related the king's promise. The queen dowager was so angry that she was ill. She loosened her jacket, and said she would return home; that she would not wait till the child was baptized. Her coach appeared in the palace square. The king at length persuaded her to remain for the baptism, but he was obliged to swear with an oath that I should not be liberated.

The entries in the diary become shorter as time goes on. Her condition had in many respects improved. She gave herself up to literary composition, and to ceaseless industry with her needle, the young queen graciously supplying her with silkworms and silks. Anno 1678 she writes: "I have, thank God, spent this year in repose: reading, writing, and composing various things."

Feb. 28, 1684. — This is the thirty-sixth anniversary since the illustrious King Christian IV. bade good-night to the world, and I to the prosperity of my life. I have now reached the sixty-third year of my age, and the twentieth year, sixth month, and fifteenth day of my imprisonment. I have therefore spent a third part of my life in captivity. God be praised that so much time is past. I hope the remaining days may not be many.

In February of the next year the queen dowager died, and was laid with all the royalty of Denmark in the cathedral of Roskilde. Then the people knew that Leonora would soon be free, and Ole the tower warder, and Jonatha the maid, began to weep at the thought of losing one whom they had learned to love and reverence. We have seen, among the relics preserved in the Rosenberg collection, the form in which her petition to King Christian V. was presented, and to which at last he sent a gracious answer.

I possessed a portrait engraving of the illustrious King Christian IV., rather small and oval in form. This I illuminated with colors, and had a carved frame made for it, which I gilded myself. On the back I wrote the following words:—



My grandson and great namesake,  
Equal to me in power and state,  
Vouchsafe my child a hearing,  
And be like me in mercy great.

This was presented on April 24. On May 19, the order of release signed by the king was brought to her. Her niece, Lady Catherine Lindenow, was admitted in the evening by the prison governor, who came to say farewell.

At ten o'clock I and my sister's daughter left the tower. Her Majesty the queen thought to see me as I came out, and was on her balcony, but it was dark and I had a veil over my face. The palace square was full of people, so that we could scarcely press through to the coach. The time of my imprisonment was twenty-one years, nine months, and eleven days. To God be honor and praise. Dear children, I live now in hope that it may please God and the king's Majesty that I may myself show you this record. God in his mercy grant it!

The prayer was heard, and in the old manor-house of Maribo, in the island of Laaland, which was assigned to her as a residence for the remainder of her life, more than one of her children and grandchildren were her companions. Any details that we possess of her subsequent years are to be found in a MS. in the Royal Library at Copenhagen, which is in the handwriting of a Miss Urne, a Danish lady, who managed Countess Leonora's household up to the date of her death in 1698. Devotion was her first occupation; and calling her household round her every morning, she prayed, "May the Lord help all prisoners, console the guilty, and save the innocent." She gave many hours to reading and writing, and her handiwork is said to have been almost unrivalled; embroidering in silk and gold, and turning in amber and ivory. She finished her book on "Heroines" which had been begun in her prison, "to the praise of valiant, chaste, and steadfast heroines;" but we feel sure that no Penthesilea, Zenobia, or Thyra in her pages excelled the writer herself in the possession of every great and noble quality of head and heart which go to the making of a true heroine and a perfect woman.

K. D. M.

From The Spectator.  
CANON LIDDON.

CARDINAL NEWMAN gives us, in his religious autobiography, a striking account of the solitary musings in which his own

faith was nursed. One of the great Oxford men of his day—if we remember right it was the late Bishop Copleston—meeting him in his frequent solitary walks at Oxford, said, with a smile and a bow, that Mr. Newman was never less alone than when alone,—and so, no doubt it was. And the result on his bearing is described by himself with his usual simplicity and force: "Owing to this confidence, it came to pass at that time that there was a double aspect in my bearing towards others, which it is necessary for me to enlarge upon. My behavior had a mixture in it both of fierceness and of sport, and on this account I dare say it gave offence to many; nor am I here defending it. I wished men to agree with me, and I walked with them step by step as far as they would go; this I did sincerely; but if they would stop, I did not much care about it, but walked on with some satisfaction that I had brought them so far. I liked to make them preach the truth without knowing it, and encouraged them to do so. . . . I was not unwilling to draw an opponent on step by step to the brink of some intellectual absurdity, and to leave him to get back as he could. I was not unwilling to play with a man who asked me impertinent questions. I had in my mouth the words of the wise man, 'Answer a fool according to his folly,' especially if he was prying or spiteful. I was reckless of the gossip which was circulated about me; and when I might easily have set it right, did not deign to do so. And I used irony in conversation, when matter-of-fact men would not see what I meant. This kind of behavior was a sort of habit with me." It would be hard to find a more striking delineation of the moral effect of a fire kindling in a lonely and powerful mind, which was destined to produce great effects in the world, both for good and for ill; but we quote it here, for the sake of the contrast of which we are conscious when we consider the Oxford preacher who, whilst doing all in his power to keep Anglicans from following Dr. Newman's example, certainly succeeded to as much of Dr. Newman's influence at Oxford, as the modern Oxford would admit. Canon Liddon, who has just been made the subject of a thoughtful and interesting study by a Presbyterian teacher, Professor Gibb, in the January number of the *Catholic Presbyterian*, has, like Dr. Newman, as his Presbyterian critic justly observes, "unwavering confidence in his cause." Like Dr. Newman, again, he has no small

power of irony. But, unlike Dr. Newman, Canon Liddon — less, perhaps, of a solitary musser and more of a social influence — has seldom, if ever, so given the reins to this strong confidence and this power of irony as to present even the faintest appearance of zeal touching the point of recklessness or "fierceness." In Dr. Newman the individuality of the man entirely overflowed the aims of the theologian. In Dr. Liddon theology has entirely possessed and permeated the character of the man. Both are men of fine subtlety and great resource. In both, the constraining power exerted by the will has been a large factor of their lives. But while with Dr. Newman the strong conviction of a personal calling, the absolute confidence in the genius of his own deeper instincts, have often given sudden and unexpected developments to the theological purposes which moved him, with Dr. Liddon systematic theology has held its own, and the large knowledge of character and keen humor of the man have only betrayed their existence in his writings by a few condensed phrases of criticism or scorn. His sermons too, have been much more concerned with maintaining, defining, and setting forth the truths of revelation, than with piercing those secrets of the human heart which sometimes, though only sometimes, contain the key to men's rejection of revelation. Cardinal Newman has never seemed completely at rest within the bounds of any theological system. Anglicanism was too formal for him, and Romanism, though he remains satisfied with it, has been sometimes on the very point of stopping his mouth. But Dr. Liddon is genuinely at home in Catholic Anglicanism. Complex as it is, and hard as it often is to trace the boundary which severs it from the theology of Protestantism on the one side, and the theology of the older Western Church on the other, for Canon Liddon this complexity seems to have almost a fascination. The defence of an ecclesiastical compromise for which it is so difficult to find a genuine theological expression, tasks him, certainly; but the more it tasks him the more that compromise endears itself to him. The self-suppression it demands is probably to him a sign of the divine claim it makes upon him. He gives that infallible Catholic Church, which has now, as he believes, so long been voiceless, all the more homage because it is mute. And you can read in the careful modulations of that rich and flexible voice, the guarded glow

of the eye into which a certain flash of displeasure passes as it ranges for a moment beyond the pale of the Anglican theology, the equal dread with which theories of "development" that lead to Rome, and theories of "evolution" which lead to agnosticism, are treated, the severe but somewhat reluctant candor with which credit is given to goodness outside the pale, whether to the earnestness of a Romanizing zeal, or the self-devotion of a sceptical investigation, that here is a man whose soul genuinely lives in his theology, and who recognizes what is good outside it, — and he does studiously recognize it, — almost with a shrinking at the heart, and because he knows that he is bound to recognize it under the direct stress of his Master's commands, but certainly not because he appreciates the liberty to wander in the wilderness outside the Catholic fold.

And yet it would be quite a mistake to think of Dr. Liddon as one who has accommodated himself to the ecclesiastical compromises of Anglicanism, because he is specially English in his leanings, or without those larger sympathies which cannot but rebel at times against the patchwork spirit of English institutions. He has the keenest possible feeling that religion is the only world of absolute and not of relative truth within our reach; he has the keenest scorn for that religiousness which excuses itself from venturing into the region of divine truth, till it has exhausted every literary expedient for illustrating the human conditions under which that truth was given. Professor Gibb has quoted a very fine and characteristic passage from Dr. Liddon, in which he goes as near to the language of contempt as he ever permits himself to go, in exposing the imperfect sincerity of such modes of staving off the open assertion of revealed truths. The thought of such a half-hearted expositor of the divine message will, he says, "drift naturally away from the central and most solemn truths to the literary embellishments which surround the faith; he will toy with questions of geography, or history, or custom, or scene, or dress; he will reproduce, with vivid power, the personages and events of long-past ages, and this, it may be, with the talent of a master artist; he will give to the human side of religion the best of his time and of his toil, and in doing this, he may, after the world's measure, be doing good work. But let us not deceive ourselves; he will not be saving souls. Souls are saved by

men who themselves count all things but dung that they may win Christ, and be found in him; and who, even if they be men of refined taste, and of cultivated intellect, know well how to subordinate the embellishments of truth to its vital and soul-subduing certainties." And it is obvious why Canon Liddon thus resents the emphasis with which literary Christianity dwells on the merely human and historical aspects in which the gospel was clothed at particular places and particular periods. It is because he feels that if Christ's religion is not absolute, it is nothing:—

To say that Christianity is only relatively true; that it is but the prelude and introduction to some broader religion of humanity, which will in time supersede it, is, in fact, to reject Christianity. For from the first Christianity has claimed to be the universal religion. It was destined from the first to embrace the whole world; it was to last throughout the ages. "Go ye," said its Founder, "and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;" and, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." In this claim of universality, whether in time or range of empire, there lay the implied and further claim to be the absolute religion—the one final unveiling of the universal Father's mind before the eyes of his children. This conviction underlies St. Paul's earnest apostolate of the Gentiles in the face of active Jewish prejudice. He "owed" the absolute religion, as he could have owed no relative religion whatever, to the Greeks and to the Barbarians alike, to the philosophers and to the uneducated. To his eye all the deepest divisions of country, race, and station vanished entirely as men passed within the Church. "There is," he exclaimed, "neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond or free, but Christ is all in all." A religion conscious of being suitable only to particular dates or localities could never have originally aspired to bring within the range of its influence all the varieties of race and thought that are found in the human family. It would feel its unsuitableness to some races, to some civilizations, to some historical periods, if not to all.

There is nothing which fires Canon Liddon's indignation more than any travesty of Christian teaching which appears to exhibit any sort of suppleness to human defects. "A faith," he says, in one of the finest sermons of his recent university volume, "which is sufficiently strong and philosophical to bring surrounding thought and knowledge more or less under contributions, is a very different thing from a feeble eclecticism, which goes

smiling about the world, paying unmeaning compliments to incompatible theories, and ending by the discovery that it is itself able to rely upon no one truth as absolutely certain." So that it is not in the least because Anglicanism is English, it is not because he feels any special sympathy with the shifts and tactics of English Parliaments and Convocations, that Canon Liddon identifies himself so closely with the Anglican system. As Professor Gibb implies, he is disposed to look for the dayspring exclusively "through Eastern windows." It is not the English Church as such, but the primitive Church as such, to which he clings; and he regards the Greek Church as containing in some respects a better image of the primitive Christianity than even the Anglican Church itself. His theology is not limited by national, though it is limited by scholastic distinctions. Dr. Liddon recoils from Rome, because Rome has developed too boldly the human superstitions in the midst of which the divine seed was planted. He recoils from Protestantism, because Protestantism takes no account of a sacramental system, essential, as he believes, to the very life of primitive Christianity. But primitive Christianity is to him the absolute religion,—the absolute religion which should override all the narrow distinctions of political and historical policy, and make of one blood all the nations of the earth. And this has been no mere abstract doctrine of Canon Liddon's. As all the world knows, he has incurred no small opprobrium for making of his religious conviction in this sense, a political conviction also, and pleading, with an eloquence like that of his political chief, Mr. Gladstone, for Christian races degraded by their Mahomedan masters beneath the level of the Christian life. Nor is it merely in political sympathy that Dr. Liddon's religious belief widens for him the area of his spiritual life. It is the same in social questions. No more eloquent and generous sympathy with the moral and mental difficulties of the poor, has ever been expressed, than that which characterizes the sermons of Dr. Liddon.

If it is the weakness of Dr. Liddon as a preacher that he is hardly at ease with human nature itself, unless he can distinctly see the hope of bringing it within the range of the sacramental appliances of what he holds to be the primitive Church, yet no one can deny the largeness with which he paints the diseases of irreligious society. What can be larger,

for instance, than this sketch of modern unrest, whether it were taken from the study of German Wertherism, of Russian Nihilism, or of the newest school of French and English paganism: "The felt disappointments of life as a whole, the absence of fixed aims, the culture of imagination and passion without any regulating faith, the feverish indecision, the languid yet ever-growing self-idolatry, the moral atmosphere of impatience, irritation, curiosity, the mingled rapture and pain of vagrant imagination, the utter caprice and prostration of will,—these were the characteristics of a period which was impersonated by and which recognized itself at length in Goethe." And Canon Liddon points out, with irresistible power, that the one adequate antidote to "this weird contempt for the gift of existence" which that period expressed, is the Christian revelation that human existence is not temporary, but everlasting.

Within the limits of what Dr. Liddon believes to be "primitive Christianity," his attitude is as liberal as, beyond these limits, even when dealing with the profoundest faith in Christ, it is apt to be embarrassed, in spite of all his courtesy and candor. For the truth is, that a belief in Christ which is not strictly limited by the Athanasian and the sacramental theology, evidently puzzles and bewilders him. He knows what to say to agnosticism better than he knows what to say to non-patristic Christians. Indeed, his theology is a little at sea when it gets beyond the issues which have been thoroughly argued out and historically illustrated in academical lecture-rooms. But within those limits, no academical theology was ever more thoroughly human, penetrated with a deeper glow of Christian charity, or animated by a nobler ardor of Christian faith than the theology of Canon Liddon.

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From Chambers' Journal.  
INGENUITY MISAPPLIED.

WHO that views in detail the career of the successful swindler by whose involved proceedings extensive frauds are perpetrated, is not struck with the knowledge of human nature, and the ability for commercial enterprise often exhibited—an ability which, applied to some better purpose, might have raised the clever thief to a position of usefulness and importance! But apart from the efforts of the commer-

cial swindler, with his forgeries, false entries, and years of deceit, what instances are there not on record of, on the one hand, the ingenious plans of him whose energies are directed against the property of his fellow, and on the other, of a marvellously foolish credulity, which frequently enables the most shallow contriver to create for himself a time of harvest.

If what is known of the operations of swindlers were more extensively published, no doubt the effect would be to diminish in some degree the national stock of credulity; though, as we have had frequent occasion to remark, it would seem that for every swindler who exists, there are hundreds who are ever ready to be swindled. In the police reports there are cases almost daily of the most paltry tricks, against which people would need to be constantly on their guard. We throw together a few incidents of this kind, which, the reader will remark, are not without their comic side.

Some years ago one of her Majesty's judges, taking his seat on the bench a little later than usual, in the course of an apology to the legal gentlemen in his immediate vicinity, remarked that he had not come direct from home, and having left his watch under his pillow, had not been aware of the exact time. This observation was not entirely lost on at least one person in court, for when his lordship returned home, he found that an obliging gentleman had been kind enough to call for and obtain "the judge's overcoat, and the watch left under his pillow"!

Some time ago a base fraud was perpetrated at Chester. On the occasion of the races, when every place was thronged, a man, apparently a barman, entered the smoke-room of one of the hotels, and flourishing what he termed a twenty-pound note, desired to be informed whether any of the company would be kind enough to change it, or to lend his master twelve pounds till he should obtain change. Twelve sovereigns were soon forthcoming; and the pseudo-tapster, saying he would have the note changed as soon as possible, made his exit, donned his overcoat and hat, which he had placed on the stairs, and disappeared.

Fortunately for jewellers, transactions of the kind now to be described have not often occurred. Some time ago, a fashionably-dressed lady swindler carried on her operations on a gigantic scale, but was soon detected, as she deserved to be.

Her mode of procedure was as follows. Arrived in a strange town, and in possession of the information necessary for her purposes, she repairs to the residence of say Dr. Brown, to whom, with tears in her eyes, she tells a most pathetic tale of her husband's mental aberration, their needy circumstances, and her consequent inability to procure reliable medical advice; finally prevailing on the doctor to consent to see the lunatic, one of whose hallucinations, he is told, is that he has perpetual possession of a valuable parcel, for which he requires payment. She then proceeds to the establishment of the jeweller honored by her choice, and selects a large quantity of jewellery, which she desires to be sent to the house of her uncle, the well-known Dr. Brown, who will pay for it on delivery. This seems all right, and an assistant reaches the medical mansion at the appointed time. The shady niece is careful to be there too, and again interviews the doctor, whom she mournfully informs that her poor afflicted husband has arrived, worse than ever about his parcel. To obtain possession of the valuables is the work of a moment on the part of the sham niece; and when this has been accomplished, the unsuspecting tradesman is ushered into the presence of the physician, as a lunatic! Naturally he refers to the articles which are to be exchanged for the doctor's gold, and the doctor has no idea of exaggerating his patient's mental condition by contradiction. Let the reader imagine the rest—the swindler speeding from the spot with her precious plunder—the embarrassed jeweller reiterating the object of his visit—the doctor informing him that it is all right, he will have a cheque directly—the victim growing uneasy perhaps, and endeavoring to force his way out—the doctor's henchmen rushing in and securing the madman—his shrieks and frantic struggles proving, to the satisfaction of his captors, that he is not only a madman, but a dangerous one—the binding of him hand and foot; and in earlier days, when the process of "making a lunatic" was much less difficult than now, his forcible removable to an asylum!

The establishments of jewellers appear to enjoy an inconvenient share of popularity amongst swindlers. On one occasion, a well-appointed equipage drove up to one of these, and the occupant—a gentleman who carried his right arm in a sling—descended, entered the shop, and commenced negotiations. These were conducted to a successful issue; but at

this period of the game, the purchaser discovered that he had forgotten his purse. Under the circumstances, of course the tradesman was kind enough to write at the dictation of the wounded customer: "DEAR WIFE,—Please give bearer my cash-box.—Yours, WILLIAM;" pleasantly remarking as he did so: "Oh, we are namesakes." The footman, who was ostentatiously pacing up and down before the door, was summoned, and drove off with the note; while his master departed to attend to other business till the carriage should return with the cash. It is scarcely necessary to add that the cash-box was readily obtained, when the jeweller's wife was presented with the note in her husband's hand-writing: "Please give bearer my cash-box.—Yours, WILLIAM."

Hotel-keepers, it would appear, rival jewellers in the affections of the sharper. Here is a swindler's way of paying the reckoning of "mine host." Two gentleman-looking men, apparently of substantial means, but who in reality depended for a livelihood on their fraudulent ingenuity, after having spent a week at a small country hotel, where they lived upon the best of everything, at last determined to make a move, and watching their opportunity, invited their unsuspecting host to assist in the consumption of a bottle of his own wine; an invitation which was readily accepted. After a suitable prologue, one of the guests expressed his willingness to bet the landlord fifty pounds that the latter could not stand before the clock in perfect silence for half an hour, moving his weight from one leg to the other and winking, at every tick of the pendulum. Delighted at the prospect of such a speedy addition to his capital, "mine host" immediately closed with the offer, and enthusiastically commenced his undertaking; during the performance of which, it is scarcely necessary to add, the swindlers contrived to set out in quest of a new field for their operations. The landlord was soon found at his novel task, and created no small surprise amongst the members of his household as he speechlessly alternated from leg to leg. In vain they spoke to him; in vain they told him that customers were awaiting the pleasure of an interview; he motioned to them to keep away; he struck at them, and as they persevered in their efforts to dislodge him, he grinned at them in powerless desperation, while silent anathemas flowed from his winking eyes. The news spread. The neighbors poured in. "Poor



man! Suddenly gone mad! What a pity for his poor children!" But the time was up—the self-imposed task was ended; and the innkeeper ceased from his labors to find his wager a myth, his cash-box gone, and himself the laughing-stock of the village.

Perhaps it was the same sharpers who, when desirous of changing their abode, summoned the waiter, and craftily induced him to join in "blindman's-buff," each being blindfolded in turn. The waiter's turn to be the blindman came, when, if he caught either of his two playmates, he was to receive a guinea and a bottle of champagne. He crept about. He searched the corners. They were crafty hiders; but he would find them. He groped under the table; he tried the chimney and every place which could afford concealment to a rat; and at length jerked the bandage from his eyes, found the room deserted, and rushed down-stairs to discover that he had been duped and his employer swindled.

This reminds us of the story of two fellows whose money was almost entirely expended, and who determined that a wealthy hotel-keeper should be the means of replenishing their purses. Accordingly, one of them, giving up what money he had to the other, entered the premises of the selected victim, while his confederate kept out of sight. The visitor inquired for the landlord, to whom he propounded the query: "Can you give me a good dinner?" Of course the resources of the establishment were equal to such a demand, and in a few minutes the "good dinner" was served and duly discussed. Then came the question of payment; but the guest had no money, and pointed out to his host that, had he possessed the "needful," he should have ordered what he had consumed, in the usual manner; that he had simply sought information concerning the ability of the house and the inclination of its owner to supply him with a good dinner, and was much obliged for the same. A policeman was called in; but his decision leaned towards the impecunious diner—it might be considered a debt, but the criminal law could do nothing. The guest departed. The landlord ground his teeth. Not long after this, number two arrived with the query: "Can you give me a good dinner?" A smile of terrible meaning crossed the landlord's face. "Yes, yes," he replied; "take a seat." He hastened out, and returned with a bucket of water, which with his own hands he dashed over the applicant

for the good dinner; who thereupon jumped to his feet and demanded an explanation of such extraordinary treatment. "Ha! ha!" laughed the incensed Boniface, as he glared about for something wherewith to chastise the object of his wrath—"ha, ha! you fellows can't fool me twice in the same way." The visitor appeared astounded; the irate landlord appeared anxious to kick the visitor out. A violent scene occurred. The would-be guest was denominated a swindler and a robber. The officer of the law was again summoned. Each made charges against the other. The infuriated host called in his solicitor. The visitor declared that he was perfectly able and willing to pay for what he required; exhibited his money, threatened proceedings for assault and battery, and vowed he would bring his action for slander as well. The landlord's solicitor considered his client was getting cheaply out of the scrape by paying down fifty pounds as a *solatium* for the wounded feelings and the wet clothes of swindler number two!

A swell mobman once made a wager with a gentleman that the latter could not carry a ten-pound note from the hotel at which both were staying to a place indicated, along a specified route. The bet was accepted; and the gentleman, with a grim smile placing the note within the lining of his hat in the presence of the swindler, started to accomplish his object. He had nearly arrived at his destination, when passing a place encumbered with brick, timber, and other building-materials, his attention was attracted by a little boy searching amongst the *impedimenta* and crying piteously. The gentleman approached, and desired to know the cause of his grief. The boy had lost a ten-pound note, which had been given him to get changed, and he was afraid his father would kill him. By this time a crowd, attracted by the roars of the unlucky lad, had assembled, and the builder's materials were being thoroughly overhauled. A confederate among the crowd now managed, while engaged in the search, to knock off the hat which contained the coveted note. Its owner naturally stooped to pick it up, and replaced it on his head. Instantly the confederate collared him. "Give it up! Give it up!" he cried. "Give up what?" demanded the gentleman, endeavoring to set himself free; while the crowd, leaving off the search, began to throng round the sharper's victim. "Give the boy his money—his ten-pound note, you thief!"

shouted the swindler. The gentleman angrily protested; but the swell mobsman cut him short by exclaiming: "He's got it, men! I saw him put it in the lining of his hat." The hat was instantly examined, and conclusive proof obtained, for why should any one be found carrying his money in his hat? And despite the struggles of the real owner, the note was handed over to the boy confederate, who immediately made off with it; while, had it not been for the arrival of a constable, the victim of the conspiracy would have fared badly at the hands of the infuriated crowd.

The kind of swindle which has for its preliminary stage an invitation to young men to inspect an apparently valuable pipe or article of jewellery, alleged to have been found by the vender, is very frequently practised in the streets of large towns, particularly the English metropolis, and no doubt proves very profitable, and realizes many times the real value of the article. The questionable morality of such a purchase must, however, materially detract from our sympathy with the deluded.

What compunctions trouble the conscience of the swindler as he spreads the net for his unwary victims, may be gathered from the sentiments said to have been recorded in the note-book of one prominently before the public a few years ago: "Some men have plenty of brains and no money; some men have plenty of money and no brains. Surely men with plenty of money and no brains were made for men with plenty of brains and no money." Unfortunately for his personal comfort, however, the law was at variance with his philosophy; and he was found worthy of a prolonged term of imprisonment, which is being accorded to him at the present time.

Quite recently a paragraph went the round of the papers which, if true, revealed a fraud accompanied by no ordinary impudence. Mrs. Gladstone, the wife of the ex-premier, acknowledged by advertisement the receipt of a ten-pound note from an anonymous donor among the subscriptions to a charitable institution in which the lady takes an interest. Some days afterwards she received an epistle requesting the return of the note, as the writer, on reflection, considered he could not consistently give the donation, he not agreeing with Mr. Gladstone's politics. The note, according to the paragraph, was forwarded to the address

given; but it was subsequently discovered that the individual whose conscience was so very tender respecting political matters, had evinced no scruple in cancelling to his own profit the subscription of a more honest man.

Apropos of certain extensive forgeries of ten-pound notes in Dublin, by which so many respectable merchants were defrauded, the following ingenious mode of getting rid of a forged note may not be uninteresting. A few years ago, on the afternoon of a certain day, whilst a well-dressed man was looking into a jeweller's plate-glass window in College Green, Dublin, and leaning half on the glass, half on the stone pillar, he received from an evil-designed passer-by a tremendous push, which sent his shoulder through the glass, but without injuring him in the least. The proprietor, with some of his assistants, rushed out, seized the unfortunate man, pulled him into the shop, and insisted that he should pay the damage done, which was estimated at nine pounds odds. The man protested—said it was no fault of his—that he had been knocked through the window against his will, and pay he would not under any circumstances. A policeman was called in, who seemed a little doubtful as to whether he ought to take the offender in charge; but the proprietor would hear of no compromise between paying and being removed to prison. The policeman therefore informed the offender that he must accompany him to the police-office, where an inquiry would be made into the circumstances of the breakage. The man still protested strongly, and point-blank refused to pay. He said that he had occasion to leave by the mail-steamer to Holyhead for London in the evening, and vowed that if they attempted to keep him, it would cost them ten times the sum demanded; and characterized their action as monstrous and unjust. But the proprietor would take no denial; so seeing no other course open, the man agreed to pay the nine pounds odds under protest, but threatened a speedy vengeance for their insolence. He tendered a hundred-pound note, and received his change of ninety pounds some shillings, and took his departure, raging like a madman at the unfair treatment he had been subjected to. The hundred-pound note was afterwards found to be a forged one; and the clever scoundrel had succeeded in getting over ninety pounds for it by an ingenious trick worthy of a better cause.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.  
THE GERMAN ARMY.

THE German military law is an extremely simple one: it obliges every man to be enrolled for three years on active service, and to pass four years in the reserves and five in the Landwehr. After that the soldier enters the Landsturm and remains in it for so long as he can bear arms; but he is only liable to be called out in case his country is invaded. The annual contingent for which subsidies are voted by the Parliament is of about one hundred and forty-four thousand men; and the troops are divided into four great inspectorates, which are again subdivided into seventeen army corps. In time of peace the military establishment consists, broadly speaking, of two hundred and seventy thousand infantry, sixty-four thousand cavalry, forty-three thousand artillery, and thirty-four thousand engineers; but when the Imperial armies are mobilized for war we get a grand total of nearly fifteen hundred thousand soldiers. On the war footing the infantry alone is reckoned at nine hundred and twenty-six thousand men, and the cavalry at one hundred and forty-six thousand.

These are paper computations; but under the direction of the iron-handed men who have ruled Prussia for the last fifty years the military mechanism has attained such perfection that it performs all it purports to do. It moulds so many thousands of men into officers and soldiers every year with the precision of a machine coining metal into pieces of gold and silver. Not only Prussia, but Bavaria, Württemberg, Saxony, and a crowd of smaller states supply the raw material out of which the Imperial soldier is made; for since 1871 there is but one military commander in Germany—the emperor, whose chief of the staff is Marshal von Moltke. This extraordinary man has his headquarters at the Palace of the Staff, on the Royal Square where the triumphal column stands at Berlin; and here he regulates everything that concerns his apparently most complicated department. He has under his direction the Academy of War, the schools of artillery and engineering, the school of cadets, the Staff College, and the schools of military telegraphy, drawing, modelling, and gymnastics; and also the department of military history, which is employed in writing the official chronicles of German campaigns. Add to this that four sections of the staff office, each comprising a great number of officers thoroughly versed in linguistics, are appointed to study all that goes on

with respect to foreign armies. In the sub-section that deals with the British army you may meet with shrewd observers who have spent many years in England and who are as well acquainted with the details of our service as any of the officials in Pall Mall. They know exactly how many men we have under arms; what is the worth of our armaments, the quality of our cannons and rifles, the capabilities of our commissariat; and, what is more, they are in possession of information touching the talents and experience of our generals. If a war between England and Germany were declared to-morrow the Germans would know to a nicety the strength of their foes; and were a landing contemplated (which we do not say is probable) they would be supplied with little lists telling them the population of each English village, the names of the principal landowners, farmers, etc., and the sums which might be wrung out of each county, borough, or parish by means of requisitions. They would have all the doctrinal elements necessary for overrunning England and spoiling it as they did France; but they would get a memorable thrashing all the same, if the torpedo and the rifle are to be trusted; for though England has no Moltke, it would in the event of a collision with Germany probably reduce that weak-kneed empire to its original elements.

The weakness of Germany resides, first, in its real isolation as a great power, and next in the discontent of its people. It fought a duel single-handed with France and was victorious; but it could never go to war again without having several enemies to contend with and consequently large odds against it. If it fought Austria, France would declare against it; if it attacked France, Russia would move; if it quarrelled with England it might possibly have to contend with a coalition of half-a-dozen powers. As to the martial sentiments of the Germans individually, they have no very ardent existence except among the aristocracy, whose members hold the best commissions in the army and fill all the State posts worth having. The ordinary German—the tradesman, professor, peasant, or workman—loathes the uniform he is compelled to wear, and if sent to war returns to grumble that he has wasted his time, lost his health, and earned no adequate remuneration. In some districts of Germany where Socialist papers are much read military service inspires such horror that every year at the approach of conscription-day young men start off by the

hundred to France or England, or emigrate to America, whence they send tantalizing letters to their friends at home describing the charms of a country that is really free. In the three years that preceded the war with France the annual average of emigrants from Germany was above two hundred thousand; which made Bismarck say with his blunt cynicism to a diplomatist who was bewailing the loss of lives in war: "We shall lose no lives; for we should have lost more men by emigration this year than can be killed on the battle-fields." The German government has often tried to stop emigration, but in vain; for the inducements which the Kaiser's subjects have to leave their poverty-stricken, sergeant-major-ridden land are too numerous.

Another great cause for discontent in Germany is the excessive severity of military discipline. To be a soldier by compulsion as in Switzerland, where men elect their own officers and are called out occasionally to do a month's service in a jolly sort of way—this might be endurable; but to be forced to serve against one's will in an army commanded by haughty aristocrats who despise every human being not having eight quarters of nobility—this is a different affair altogether. It is related in proof of Marshal von Moltke's smoothness of temper that he only once struck a soldier, and this was a man whom he found smoking in some stables. Such self-command is rare. The youngster who has not got the varnish off his first epaulet will scream at his soldiers on parade, threaten them, and stroke them over the shins or knuckles with a cane or sword scabbard. In war time the discipline is extremely harsh. Frenchmen were often shocked to see German soldiers shot for trifles or belabored with cold savagery. Flogging is nominally abolished in the army; but each officer seems to have *carte blanche* about correcting his men with his own hand. The wonder is that the men should stand it. The German army is a capital host, well officered, armed, and superintended; and the German empire will hold together so long as the statesmanship of its rulers can steer it between the two rocks of revolution at home and war abroad. A revolution would probably show that most of the people are at heart Particularists; and a new war would demonstrate the fact that Germany has no allies who would care to arrest her ruin.

German officers are undoubtedly the most highly educated in the world. They can only get promotion by assiduous

study, and they take a professional pride in a culture which places them immeasurably above their men. In this respect they truly form an aristocracy. Again, they have a strict code of honor which is kept in force by duelling, and which lays upon them the necessity of being very correct in their behavior not only towards each other but towards civilians. A German officer can only fight a duel with a man who is socially his equal, and he is expected to fight whenever he is insulted; so that if he get dragged into a disreputable brawl with an inferior, he finds himself in a dilemma from which there is no escape except by throwing up his commission. Some years ago a Prussian officer had his face slapped in the streets of Coblenz by a baker; he drew out his sword and cut down his aggressor like a dog there and then. Public opinion took his side, for had he let the affront pass he must have left the army; as it was he got tried by court-martial, and was sentenced to a month's imprisonment, not for killing a baker, but for having a street quarrel with such a person. Among officers duels are pretty frequent, and yet not quite so frequent as seems to be imagined. A punctilious respect for hierarchy, a close observance of the forms of social etiquette, tend to minimize the chances of quarrel; and then there are courts of honor before which disputes must be laid before the permission to fight is given, so that a mere truculent bravo could not win himself a reputation at the sword's point, nor tease his comrades by his impertinences. Generally speaking German officers are polite to a degree which far transcends the proverbial courtesy of Frenchmen; while towards civilians they practise a refinement of etiquette which is intended to put a proper distance between themselves and interlopers. In Germany the uniform of an officer is more respected than it is in any other country except England; and it confers prestige *per se*. Everybody knows that in donning his epaulet the German officer gives bail for his honor, and may be relied upon to act uprightly in all possible contingencies. Scandals about money matters are extremely rare among the officers; and this is the more creditable to them as no attempt is made to hush up such affairs when they do arise. The offender, whoever he may be, is at once brought to book by his colonel, and if he cannot clear his honor he is promptly ordered to resign.

A word about German uniforms. They are distinguished for their plainness and



good taste, so far as those of the officers are concerned. The dark-blue tunic, with red facings and smooth flat buttons; the round cap with a sloping peak for half-dress, and the light helmet with gilt spike for dress, are all perfect in their way. In Bavaria the tunics are light blue, with red or white facings, and the effect of them on parade is very handsome. Private soldiers seen singly look by no means so well as their officers. Their uniforms all seem to be misfits, and they are sported with a complete absence of smartness on the part of the wearers, who slouch about with heavy gait, most unsoldierlike. Some of the cavalry uniforms are rich and imposing. The white tunics and steel breastplates of the Cuirassiers; the braided jackets of the Crown Princess's Prussian Hussars; and the more dashing costumes of the Saxon Uhlans, the Bavarian Lancers, and the Württemberg Guards are much finer than anything to be seen in France since the French took to remodelling their uniforms *à l'allemande*, as they supposed. As regards weapons, the needle rifle on the Mauser pattern is fully equal to the Martini-Henry used in England, or the Gras adopted by the French; whilst in the way of artillery the Krupp foundry at Essen turns out cannon which, if not the best in the world, are not far from being so. As a set-off, however, to the excellency of their weapons, the Germans are indifferent marksmen. Their numerous rifle associations train here and there a good shot among students, and civilians serving in the Landwehr; but the common run of soldiers shoot badly. In battle they are rarely steady in their aim, and, because of the kicking propensities of their rifles, fire from the hip instead of from the shoulder. The cavalry do not ride well, and their horses are not to be commended. Even the chargers of wealthy officers are often such as would scarcely be passed by the colonels of crack English regiments. To sum up, the German army has many good points which entitle it to respect, but many bad ones will have to be remedied before it can really become a model army.

From The Graphic.

#### CHILDREN OF THE PANTOMIME.

AMONGST the means and forces which are so wonderfully brought together in the construction of a Christmas pantomime not the least interesting item, by any means, is the children who in this

manner so largely contribute towards the enjoyment of pleasure-seekers. What would these gorgeous and gigantic displays be without their infantile armies of masked warriors, their gnomes of hideous face and figure, their animated vegetables, and their cats, dogs, monkeys, etc., always so full of frolic and fun? or, indeed, without their dainty little fairies, elves, and all the rest of the troupe that so materially tends to add mirth and beauty and elegance to the most popular of modern Christmas amusements? We do not dare even to imagine, so indispensable do their services appear to be to these displays. A few remarks, however, concerning this useful body of public servants, small though they be, may perhaps be received with interest.

In the first place it is as unfair as it is unjust to suppose that the members of these diminutive corps hail from the class commonly known as gutter-children, for they are mostly the children of poor, but respectable, parents living in the vicinity of the theatres where they are engaged. Their parents are frequently themselves in the profession in the capacity of "supers," or scene-shifters, and it is a great boon to them to get their little ones employed in this manner, as may be gathered from the number of applications of this character received by theatrical managers. At the larger theatres the average number of such applications annually may be taken as over five hundred, and it is related that long before pantomime time the managers are besieged by poor women soliciting them to take some of their little ones on. To deal fairly with such an overflow of applicants a system is applied, the primary test being height; the maximum is four feet, but the smaller the child the greater is the recommendation in managerial eyes, providing, of course, the children are capacitated for their work in other respects. When the "four-footers" and under have been duly picked out they are put in a line, told to hold out their right hands, and to put out their left feet, a further test which, it appears, weeds out a great many. Those that are finally selected learn their duties, we are told, very quickly because their heart is in their work, and because they are well contented with the parts they play.

It is a very general idea that these little things are drilled and tutored by managers who are harsh, ill-tempered beings, given to swear terrible oaths on the slightest provocation. Nothing could be more erroneous, we are happy to record. Managers of the type indicated belong entirely



to the past. Stern and strict they must, no doubt, be, but there is not the slightest foundation for supposing they indulge in harsh measures of any kind, a fact that will probably greatly relieve the minds of those soft and kind-hearted creatures whose sympathy and pity are so often loudly expressed in behalf of the children of the pantomime. Mr. Cormack, an ex-harlequin of considerable fame, and of no less repute as a trainer of children for pantomimes, is convinced that "no well-fed and well-dressed child before the curtain enjoys a Christmas pantomime half so well as these little things who hop about the stage as tomtits and what not." There is no doubt that the regulations as to the behavior of the children while in the theatre are, and must be, strict, but who will deny the excellence of early discipline, or the necessity for due regard to the morals of young children? In most cases the severest punishment seems generally to be dismissal, and so wonderfully deterrent is the mere threat of being sent home that it seldom has to be enforced. In his vast experience of the training of thousands of children Mr. Cormack estimates the average number of those who have actually suffered this punishment at one in a thousand, which speaks excellently alike for the good conduct of the children, and the mode of instruction adopted by their trainer.

Those who take any interest in the children of the pantomime may no doubt like to know what ultimately becomes of them. Very few, it seems, get absorbed into the theatrical profession, and only those who show any aptitude. "The girls," remarks Mr. E. L. Blanchard, author of all the Drury Lane *annuals* up to the present year, and consequently an authority on the subject, "may occasionally rise to the dignity of the front row in the ballet, and some of the boys may

attain a permanent engagement in the line of what is called "general utility," but the majority get into vocations quite apart from the profession. A large number of females go into domestic service as they grow older, or work in a factory at artificial flower-making, or become assistants to dressmakers."

But into whatever spheres of life they finally become absorbed, they seldom or never forget those days when they made their appearance before a British public, as has been evidenced in various ways. Mr. Cormack himself relates many an amusing anecdote in support of this, such as being, for instance, accosted by a shoe-black at a metropolitan station, who asserted his right of calling the ex-harlequin by name, on the ground of his having been "the *kettle* in the pantomime of 'Jack and Jill,'" while his brother "was the saucepan," and had since gone to New Zealand, where he was "getting on like steam" as proprietor of a tavern; or, again, being accosted by name in a well-known dining-room by the cook, who put forward a similar plea for the liberty thus taken by stating he had been "Tom, the piper's son," in the pantomime of "Jack in the Box;" or, once more, being pressed to have a *lift* in a hansom cab, the spruce driver naively remarking, "I won't charge you anything; I remember you very well, sir; I was the 'starling' in 'The Children in the Wood,' and now I've perched up here."

Such instances as these are worth remembering, and may be regarded as the poetical side of an ex-harlequin's life. And while they must be gratifying to him as evidence of the tender regard he is held in by his old pupils, they are also no less proof that the training of these quondam pantomimists was by no means unpleasant, and that the memory of that portion of their lifetime is not distasteful.

**WEALTH IN EGYPT.**—In spite of slowness and waste of time, and of much mismanagement in many ways, there is a vast amount of wealth and prosperity in Egypt. The climate and soil make it extremely productive, and the distribution of property, though very unequal of course, is not more so than in other countries; while a native youth, of average intelligence and very moderate education, can get employment and good wages with half the trouble and ten times the certainty, that an English lad similarly endowed can in any part

of the British Isles. But the chances of being left *unpaid* by some irregularity of government—the chances of being, if a peasant, oppressed, falsely accused, overtaxed, made to pay twice over, and even cruelly beaten to extort a bribe—all this makes the condition of the working-class far less advantageous in reality than it seems at first sight, or than it *ought* to be in a land blessed with so fine a soil and climate, and where the expenses entailed by cold and wet and variable seasons do not exist.

Churchman.